THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

76th Year

28 JANUARY 1977

3,907

America 96
Art 108-109
Australia & New Zealand 100
Classical Studies 99
Fiction 97
History 103, 110
Literature 98, 101-102, 105, 111
Memoirs 94, 114
Politics 95, 113
Russia 112

Judith Bassett: *Sir Harry Atkinson 1831-1892* .. 100
Elizabeth French Boyd: *Bloomsbury Heritage* .. 114
John Brailsford: *Early Celtic Masterpieces from Britain* .. 108
Brigid Brophy: *Beardsley and his World* .. 108
Gail-Maryse Cockrum: *South West African Mandate* .. 110
Daniel Colin-Bendit: *Le Grand Bazar* 95
Susan P. Conrad: *Perish the Thought* 101
Hugh Douglas: *Robert Burns* .. 111
Paul-Marie Duval and Christopher Hawkes (Editors): *Celtic Art in Ancient Europe* .. 108
Tom Forester: *The Labour Party and the Working-Class* .. 95
Judith Fryer: *The Faces of Eve* .. 101
Toshio Fukuyama: *Heian Temples* 108
Suzi Gablik: *Progress in Art* .. 109
Pierre Golendorf: *Sept ans au Cuba, 38 mois dans les prisons de Fidel Castro* .. 113
Marie Hartley and Joan Ingilby: *Life and Tradition in West Yorkshire* 114
Roy Hattersley: *Goodbye to Yorkshire* .. 114
Robert A. Huttenback: *Racism and Empire* .. 110
Liu I-Ch'ing: *A New Account of Tales of the World* .. 98
Philip E. Jones: *The Butchers of London* .. 103
Kontinent 1 .. 113
D. S. Likhachev and A. M. Panchenko: "*Smekhovoy Mir*" *Drevnay Rusi* .. 112
P. Litvinov and others (Editors): *Samosoznanie* .. 112
John Loftis and others: *The Revels History of Drama in English Volume 5, 1660-1750* .. 102
Morna Macgregor: *Early Celtic Art in North Britain* .. 108
Arnaldo Momigliano: *Quinto contributo alla storia degli studi classici e del mondo antico* .. 99
Kay Summersby Morgan: *Past Forgetting* .. 96
Robert Nye: *The English Sermon Volume 3, 1750-1850* .. 111
Sally Priesand: *Judaism and the New Woman* .. 101
M. S. Robinson (Editor): *Van de Velde Drawings* .. 109
Mort Sahl: *Heartland* .. 96
Gunter Schilder: *Australia Unveiled* 100
John Sergeant: *Frank Lloyd Wright's Usonian Houses* .. 107
George Seferis: *Poiemata Me Zographies Se Mikra Paidia* .. 105
Martin Seymour-Smith: *The English Sermon Volume 1, 1550-1650* .. 111
Murasaki Shikibu: *The Tale of Genji* 98
Irène Simon: *Three Restoration Divines* .. 111
C. H. Sisson: *The English Sermon Volume 2, 1650-1750* .. 111
Hugh Tinker: *Separate and Unequal* 110
Mary Tyler: *My Years in an Indian Prison* .. 113
Cosima Wagner: *Die Tagebücher Volume 1, 1869-1877* .. 94
Richard Wagner: *Das braune Buch* 94
Frank Westmore and Muriel Davidson: *The Westmores of Hollywood* 95
Dorothy Well: *In Defense of Women* 104
Sally Woodbridge (Editor): *Bay Area Houses* .. 107

FICTION

Patrick Grainville: *Les Flamboyants* 99
Introduction 6 .. 97
Christina Rossetti: *Maude: Prose and Verse* .. 99
Penelope Shuttle: *Rainsplitter in the Zodiac Garden* .. 97

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

AUCTIONS

SALE AT CREWKERNE, SOMERSET

THURSDAY 10th FEBRUARY at 10 a.m.

Important Works on **TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY** including Charles Burlington, *MODERN BRITISH TRAVELLER*, 1789, William Camden, *BRITANNIA*, 1695 and (2 vols.) 1753, John Cary, *NEW AND CORRECT ATLAS*, 1793, John Collinson, *HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF SOMERSET*, 4 vols, 1791, Awnsham and John Churchill, *COLLECTION OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS*, 6 vols, 1732, John Hutchins, *HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF DORSET*, 2 vols, 1774, William Maitland, *HISTORY OF LONDON*, 2 vols, 1775, Thomas Major, *RUINS OF PAESTUM*, 1768, Thomas Shepherd, *METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS* 1827-29.

MILITARY AND NAVAL HISTORY including John Campbell, *LIVES OF THE BRITISH ADMIRALS*, 8 vols. (Large Paper), 1812, J. W. Fortescue, *HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY* 20 vols. 1899-1930, James Jenkins, *THE NAVAL ACHIEVEMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN*, 1820, A Crimean War Medal with five bars, and a large collection of Original South African War photographs.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY including Robert Boyle, *AN ESSAY ABOUT THE ORIGINE AND VIRTUES OF GEMS*, 1672, and William Jardine, *THE NATURALISTS' LIBRARY*, 40 vols.

GENERAL HISTORY AND LITERATURE including inscribed copies by Thomas Hardy. **LITTERS** of Dr. H. F. Crispon, etc. The session to conclude with the sale *(by instruction of the Rt. Hon. Christine, Countess* Poulett) of the **LORDSHIPS OF THE MANORS OF HINTON ST. GEORGE** and of **LOPEN**, in the County of Somerset, with associated manorial documents.

On View:
Tuesday 8th Feb.: 2-5 p.m. Wednesday 9th Feb.: 10-5 p.m.
(No viewing morning of sale).

Illus. Catalogues 50p (60p by post)

T. R. G. LAWRENCE & SON *(Fine Art)*

19B Market Street, Crewkerne, Somerset
Tel.: (046 031) 3041-3

ALSO at 2.30 p.m.
Paintings, Water Colours, Prints & Maps.
Cats. 40p (50p by post)

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FINE ART AUCTIONEERS

HARVESTER

SIR JULIUS CAESAR'S PAPERS IN THE BRITISH LIBRARY

Now available

CATALOGUES

BOOKS & PRINTS

CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA

Antiquarian Books

BOOKS OLD & NEW

BIBLIAGORA

Sotheby's
Sotheby Parke Bernet & Co.
34-35 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W1A 2AA
HODGSON'S ROOMS, 115 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON WC2A 1PX

MONDAY, 31st JANUARY, at 11 am at New Bond Street
Printed books
comprising The Property of Professor R. M. Ogilvie, Mrs E. Jamieson, New College, London and other properties. *Catalogue Price 35p*

THURSDAY, 3rd FEBRUARY, and following day, at 1 pm at Hodgson's Rooms
Private Press Books and Art Reference Books
comprising the property of R. Pissarro, Esq., and other properties including an almost complete collection of books from the Eragny Press, comprising *The Queen of the Fishes*, 1894; *A Brief Account of the Origin of the Eragny Press*, 1903; Browning's *Some Poems*, on vellum, 1904; *Album de Poemes tirés du Livre de Jade*, 1911, and other works, many of them presentation copies; an almost complete collection of books from the Golden Cockerel Press, comprising *The Chester Play of the Deluge*, with proof sets of the illustrations by David Jones, 1927; Bates' *Flowers and Faces*, on vellum, 1935; *The Greek Anthology*, on vellum, 1937; and other works, many specially bound with extra illustrations, and a collection of preliminary autograph material for books and prospectuses issued by the press; a presentation copy of the Ashendene Press *Morte d'Arthur*, 1913; The Doves Press *Bible*, 5 vol., 1903-05; Halliday Sparling's copy of the Kelmscott *History of Reynard the Foxe*, with four leaves printed on vellum, 1892; the Kelmscott Herrick, 1895, bound by Katherine Adams, 1914; The Nonesuch Dickens, 24 vol., 1937-38; proof sheets for the Nonesuch Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, 1899, with extensive revisions for the printer and others; books on architecture, ceramics, furniture, glass, painting and drawing, prints, silver and Plate, works of art, bibliography and typography, including Hofstede de Groot's *Catalogue Raisonné of Dutch Painters*, 1906-27; *The Connoisseur* vol. I-XL, 1902-14; *The Catalogue of Saxon Chinese Ivories*, 3 vol., 1950; *The Survey of Japanese Prints*, 17 vol., Tokyo, 1973-76, and others. *Catalogue 50p*

MONDAY, 14th FEBRUARY, and following day, at 11 am at New Bond Street
Valuable printed books
the property of Professor D. F. Appleyard, M.B., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.O.G., P. Ashe, Esq., and other properties, comprising English literature of the 16th to the 19th century, including the Coverdale Bible, 1535; *A necessary doctrine for any Christen man*, 1543, Dekker's *The magnificent entertainment*, 1604, Heywood's *Pleasant dialogues and drammas*, 1637, and Bunyan's *The works*, 1692; Continental books of the 15th to the 19th century, including *Forma e regole di confessari*, [c. 1472], Niger's *Clipeus Thomistarum*, 1487, Synther's *Compositio verborum*, [c. 1495], Marcello de Forli's *La sorti*, 1540, Rousseau's *La botanique*, 1822 and a fine copy of Diderot and D'Alembert's *Encyclopédie*; Books on travel and topography, including Delisle's *Atlas novus*, [c. 1745], De Vaugondy's *Atlas universel*, 1757, Buonaiuti's *Italian scenery*, 1806, Grindlay's *Scenery . . . on the Western side of India*, 1830, and Alexander's *An expedition . . . into the interior of Africa*, 1838; Herrliberguer's *Topographie Helvetique*, 1760-1800, Zuclualbart's *Tableaux de la Suisse*, 1780-86, Rochette and Engelmann's *Lettres sur la Suisse*, 1824-27, Beattie's *La Suisse pittoresque*, 1836, and other books on Switzerland; Architectural books, including Androuet du Cerceau's *Les batiments de France*, 1576-7, Parelle's *Chateaux et maisons de plaisance, [c. 1656]*, Gerbier's *Counsell and advice to all builders*, 1664-65, Decker's *Architecture civile*, 1711-16, Wood's *The ruins of Palmyra*, 1753, and Blanchetun's *Vues pittoresques des chateaux de France*, [1826-31]; Chinese drawing on rice paper. *Illustrated Catalogue Price 35p*

THURSDAY, 17th FEBRUARY, and following day, at 1 pm at Hodgson's Rooms
Travel and topography
the property of Mrs E. Jamieson, Mrs E. I. Nicholson, A. D. Knights, Esq., and other properties, comprising Great Britain, including Beattie's *Scotland Illustrated*, 2 vol., 1838; Billings' *Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland*, 4 vol., [1848-52]; Fearnside's *Thames and Medway*, [c. 1834]; Ormerod's *History of the County Palatine and City of Chester*, 3 vol., 1882; Shepherd & Elmes' *Metropolitan Improvements*, 1827; Shepherd's *Modern Athens*, 1829; Bartlett & Beattie's *Views of Ports and Harbours*, 2 vol., n.d.; Cooke's *Shipping and Craft*, 1829; Tombleson's *Thames and Medway*, n.d.; Allom & Bartlett's *Devonshire and Cornwall Illustrated*, 2 vol., [c. 1832-37]; Stanfield's *Coast Scenery*, 1836; Europe, including Batty's *Select Views of Principal Cities of Europa*, 1832; Beattie's *Switzerland*, Presentation copy, 1836; Williams, 1838; *Danube*, n.d.; Brockedon's *Passes of the Alps*, 2 vol., 1838; *Costume des différent Departemens, Paris*, 1815; Ford's *Handbook for Spain*, suppressed edition, [1844]; Lear's *Journals of a Landscape Painter in Albania*, 1851; Middle East, including Arundale's *Jerusalem*, 1837; Baker's *Ismailia*, 2 vol., 1874; Bartlett's *Nile Boat*, 1852; Carne's *Syria*, 2 vol., 1836-38; Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, 2 vol., 1936; Layard's *Monuments of Nineveh*, 2 vol., 1849-53; Pierotti's *Jerusalem Explored*, 2 vol., 1864-65; Roberts' *Holy Land*, 3 vol., 1855; Simpson's *Seat of War in the East*, 1855-56; Asia, including Forsyth's *Bokhara*, 1875; Gilbert & Dodd's *Chinese Empire*, 1859; Fergusson's *Tree and Serpent Worship in the China Seas*, 1868; Gilbert & Dodd's *Indian Empire*, 1886; Africa, including Baker's *Albert N'yanza*, 2 vol., 1866; Baldwin's *African Hunting from Natal to the Zambesi*, 1863; Burton's *First Footsteps in East Africa*, 1856; Delegorgue's *Voyage dans L'Afrique, Paris*, 1847; Harris's *Wild Sports of Southern Africa*, 1839; Lacroix & Heinrich's *Les Moeurs et Costumes*, 2 vol., Paris, 1847; Livingstone's *Missionary Travels*, first edition of 1857; The Americas, including Beechey's *Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific*, 2 vol., 1831; Bryant's *Picturesque America*, 4 vol., 1881-85; Catlin's *North American Indians*, 2 vol., 1876; Domenech's *Seven Years Residence in the Deserts of North America*, 2 vol., 1860; Featherstonaugh's *Canoe Voyage up the Minay Sotor*, 2 vol., 1847; Willis & Bartlett's *American Scenery*, 2 vol., 1840; *Canadian Scenery*, n.d.; Oceania, including Bennett's *Wanderings in New South Wales*, 2 vol., 1834; Booth's *Australia Illustrated, original 8 parts*, n.d.; Keppel's *Expedition to Borneo*, 2 vol., 1846; Stuart's *Exploration in Australia*, 1864; Wakefield's *Adventure in New Zealand*, 2 vol., 1845; Polar Exploration, including Beechey's *Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole*, 1843; Belcher's *Last of the Arctic Voyages*, 2 vol., 1855; McCormick's *Voyages of Discovery*, 2 vol., 1884; Mawson's *Home of the Blizzard*, 2 vol., 1915; Scott's *Voyage of the "Discovery"*, 2 vol., 1905; and others on Transport, including Railways, Canals, Motor Transport, etc., and a Collection of works and objects concerning the Great Exhibition, 1851.

Catalogue Price 40p

© TIMES NEWSPAPERS LIMITED 1977

Printed and Published by Times Newspapers Limited at New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London, WC1X 8EZ, England. Friday, January 28, 1977. Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office.

T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 4 FEBRUARY 1977 • No 3,908 • 20p

The books that Marx read, by Hugh Lloyd-Jones

Konrad Lorenz; 'The Selfish Gene'; towards a socialist science

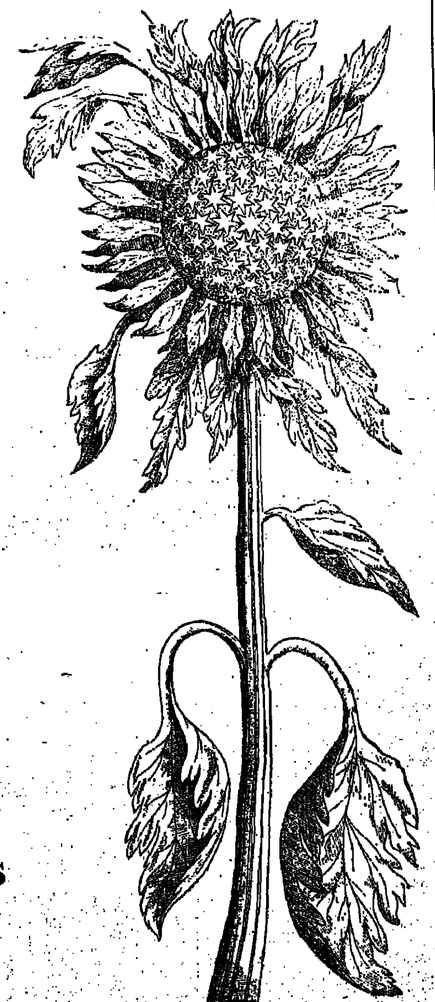
The essential Cecil Day Lewis

The case of the pseudo-patient by Stuart Sutherland

George Moore in his memoirs

Malraux; Paul Celan; Secretary Seward; Howard Hughes

The Bank of England; children and television; Renaissance art in Eastern Europe



A sunflower from the Florilegium *of Emanuel Sweerts, first published in Frankfurt in 1612; taken from* Early Floral Engravings *in the Dover Pictorial Archive series (110 plates. Constable. Paperback, £4.80).*

The books that Marx read

By Hugh Lloyd-Jones

S. S. PRAWER:
Karl Marx and World Literature
446pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £10.75.

"An exceedingly cultured Anglo-German gentleman"; that is how Marx in his later years appeared to his Russian visitor Maxim Kovalevsky. Marx was steeped in literature to an astonishing degree; he knew German, French, English, Italian, Spanish, Greek, Latin and a little Russian, and throughout his life read widely in these languages. In his theoretical writings, and also in his abundant journalism, Marx made extensive use of this wide literary knowledge; and so S. S. Prawer has made it the subject of a learned, useful and entertaining book. His acquaintance with Marx's writings, including his voluminous correspondence, is very close; he is familiar with the extensive literature that Marx made use of; and as one would expect of the brother of R. Prawer Jhabvala, he writes admirably.

As Professor Prawer remarks, Marx is too important to be left to the Marxists, to whose numbers, in his old age, after reading a young Frenchman's infuriatingly dogmatic exposition of what purported to be Marxian doctrine, he indignantly denied that he belonged. In our time no intelligent person would deny the vast historical importance of this writer or the greatness of his contribution to economics, sociology and historical studies in general. Not only the friends but the enemies of a powerful world religion are wise to make themselves acquainted with its prophet and its sacred texts, just as in the fifth century AD an intelligent Roman pagan might learn something of Jewish and Christian religion so as to understand Augustine.

A large literature, part of it valuable, has arisen on the basis of Marxism; not only in history, politics, economics and sociology, but in aesthetics and literary criticism. Marxism is a force that every educated reader has to reckon with. No one who remains ignorant of it can understand important literary critics like Lukács, Walter Benjamin or Lucien Goldmann. Enemies of Marxism, in particular, need to grasp the differences between the simplistic and positivistic doctrine of the eastern church, conditioned by the philosophical limitations of Lenin and other Russian interpreters, and sticking to its lowest level in the stuff put out under the names of Stalin and Zhdanov, and the profound Hegelianizing Marxism of the Frankfurt school and other western sects. Professor Prawer's book is not about Marxism, but it throws much light upon it, and especially upon Marxian aesthetics, it will be most valuable to future biographers of Marx.

Living in Trier, under the shadow of the Porta Nigra, Marx received as good an education as the Europe of his day could give. At school he acquired a firm grasp of both Greek and Latin, and throughout life kept up his acquaintance with both literatures. Shaw, never without a strain of cheap Voltaireanism, sneered at Homer; Marx adored him, and in his family Homer was regularly read aloud. At school he read in the original Sophocles, Thucydides and Plato, Cicero, Virgil and Tacitus.

It may seem odd to find Marx translating Ovid, yet this interest persisted into later life; he preferred the poems of exile. In the questionnaire he filled up in 1865, Marx names Aeschylus, together with Shakespeare and Goethe, as one of his three favourite poets. Each year he read him through in Greek; on him, as on Goethe and Shelley, the *Prometheus* made a particularly strong impression.

But when Marx was young, classical studies in Germany were not a specialized academic discipline apart from others but an integral part of the literary and historical apparatus of the contemporary world. The young Marx read ancient literature as it had been read during the age of Goethe, with no doubts of its direct accessibility such as the growth of the historical sense was later to impart.

From boyhood, he also read widely in medieval and modern literature. From his father he learnt to know the writers of the Enlightenment; from his cultivated neighbour and future father-in-law, Baron von Westphalen, he learnt to know Shakespeare and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Westphalen was Romantic in his tastes, and Marx, too, began as a Romantic; he wrote much Romantic verse of an alarming badness, at which in later life he and his wife were to laugh heartily. The mature Marx reacted violently against Romanticism, but we shall see that something of his early outlook continued to affect his attitude towards the ancient world.

At eighteen Marx attended for a year the University of Bonn, where he attended courses given by the eminent Hellenists F. G. Welcker and A. W. von Schlegel. Then he moved to Berlin, where he concentrated on philosophy and finally became converted to Hegelianism. In 1841 he obtained his doctorate with a study of the difference between the atomistic natural philosophy of Democritus and that of his follower Epicurus. This was not published until 1927, when experts on the subject who were certainly not Marxists found it to contain much that was useful even at that date.

Marx used the tools of scholarship then at his disposal with impressive mastery; yet the motive force behind the thesis had been supplied by its author's recent conversion to the philosophy of Hegel. He thought the situation of Greek philosophy after Plato and Aristotle significantly like that of German philosophy in the post-Hegelian age. Hegel had completed the task of speculative metaphysics, and it remained for his successors to bring philosophy back into the real world and there to realize the ideal. Marx's strong sympathy with Epicurus and with his most eloquent disciple, Lucretius, comes out clearly in the thesis; he puts into the mouth of Philosophy personified the words of the Aeschylean Prometheus, "In one word, I detest all the gods". The thesis shows Marx as a fully-fledged Hegelian, but it also proves him to have been steeped in the aesthetics of the age of Winckelmann and Goethe. Marxian aesthetics developed out of this, and cannot be fully understood without reference to it.

During the stay in Paris that began in 1843, Marx's mature philosophy took shape. He mastered the English political economists and the early nineteenth-century French political theorists; Engels later said that Marxism combined elements from English political economy, French political theory and German idealistic philosophy. After this time Marx made no systematic study of ancient philosophy, yet his earlier studies in that field did not cease to be important in his work. Any reader of his writings, and in particular of *Capital*, cannot fail to be struck by the warmth and frequency of his references to Aristotle. The author of *Capital* felt that he had much in common with the author of the *Politics*, and Marx calls Aristotle the founder of sociology.

Plato he mentions less often and less favourably, repelled, no doubt, by his theistic and idealistic philosophy of spirit. Yet through Hegel Marx had absorbed from Plato matter far more central to his own philosophy than anything derived from Aristotle. Plato's philosophy of ideas, it is true, is static; what makes Hegelian idealism suitable for Marx's purposes is its dynamism, the idea of development, of which spirit is made capable. Yet the one system is in the last resort an adaptation of the other; and the bold and ruthless manner in which Plato applies the surgeon's knife to society as he knew it in order to attain the justest possible commonwealth is far more akin to the spirit of Marx than is the caution and conservatism of Aristotle. When Marx called Aristotle the founder of sociology, how could he forget the eighth and ninth books of the *Republic*, which describe the degeneration of the ideal state through all the successive inferior constitutions till it reaches tyranny, the worst of all?

If the fifth-century sophist Protagoras was not the founder of sociology, it was surely Plato. When Sir Karl Popper prefixed the most powerful attack upon Marxism of our time with an onslaught upon Plato, he well knew what he was doing. The Hegelian notion that the study of history enables a philosopher to predict the course of history is grounded in Platonic idealism; and it is on that, in the last resort, that the allegedly scientific character of Marxian theory depends. Once you abolish the distinction between mind and matter, what name you give your single substance is not a question of the first importance. By calling his matter, Marx was able to cash in on the prestige of the physical sciences, never higher than during the 1840s when his system came into being. But his theory is above all else speculative and metaphysical; indeed, as Sir Isaiah Berlin remarked in the study which after nearly forty years still gleams like the golden bough through the murky forest of literature about Marx, in the strict sense of the word Marx is not a materialist at all. He took care to distinguish his own historical materialism" from the "vulgar materialism" advanced by mere empiricists.

In the introduction to his *Grundrisse*, written in 1857 but suppressed by Marx and not published till 1939, he comes to grips with the problem, somewhat awkward for a Hegelian, of the uneven relation between the development of material production and that of art and literature. No one can deny that he was right to insist that the conditions of production and distribution affect art and literature as they do other departments of life, nor did he himself overstress this economic influence upon culture in the crude way some of his followers have done so. But for Marx the emergence of Greek art and literature, to which he attached the highest value, at a time when the general state of society was relatively primitive, constituted a serious problem; so did the case of Shakespeare. He was well aware that certain forms of great art are not even possible in an age of relatively high social development; epic poetry, in which Marx took the greatest pleasure, is an obvious instance.

The answer he gave to this question may surprise some of his modern followers. "A man", he wrote,

> cannot become a child again, or he becomes childish. But does he not find joy in the child's naivety, and must he not strive to reproduce its truth at a higher stage? Does not the specific truth of each epoch come alive, in its true nature, in the nature of the child? Why should not the historic childhood of humanity, its most beautiful unfolding, exert an eternal attraction as a stage that will never return? There are illbred children and precocious children. Many of the peoples of antiquity belong in this category. The Greeks were natural children. The attraction Greek art has for us does not stand in contradiction to the undeveloped stage of society on which it grew. It is, rather, its result; it is inextricably bound up, rather, with the fact that the immature social conditions under which it arose, and under which alone it could arise, can never return.

The notion of the Greeks as simple children of nature is characteristic of the naive classicism still prevalent in Marx's youth; and of a not especially sophisticated variety of that attitude. More than one critic has remarked, as Professor Prawer does, that such a view gravely underrates the maturity, complexity and profundity of Greek thinking.

Marxian theory as a whole aesthetics play a most important part. The artist serves Marx as the type of the man whose work is a pleasure in itself. Modern industrial capitalism has taken the lives of most men horrifyingly far from this ideal; Marx aims to rectify, as far as possible, this state of affairs. When the dictatorship of the proletariat is realized, when only one class is left, when the state withers away, it would appear that the life of men will regain much of the beautiful simplicity of its historic childhood. One can hardly doubt that the roseate view of early Greece which Marx, like so many of his contemporaries had derived from his early education, helped to encourage the surprising optimism to which his prediction plunges when it reaches this important point.

Professor Prawer has chosen not to set out Marx's dealings with each author under the heading of the author's name, as Ernst Grumach did in his invaluable *Goethe und die Antike*, but to follow Marx through his career, showing how he used his literary knowledge in each of his successive writings. He pays most skilfully against the possibilities of boredom, often stemming by the vivacity of his own comments for a certain sameness in the subject-matter. If I have a criticism, it is that I find his tone a little too admiring. If we look closely at the material he presents, we find a reader of wide knowledge, vast energy and powerful sardonic wit; we do not find a reader of refined literary taste or of delicate aesthetic sensibility. A brief survey of the material will serve to make this clear.

It is interesting that Marx read *The City of God*; it is a pity he seems not to have recorded his impressions of a work that has some common features with his own. He knew Dante well, and often quotes him. He ransacks the *Inferno* for scatological abuse with which to pelt the miserable Herr Vogt; the fate of certain victims of poverty reminds him of that of Ugolino; and he movingly quotes the lines about the salty taste of the bread of exile and the bitterness of having to go up and down stairs which are not one's own. At the end of the preface to the *Grundrisse*, he declares his unwillingness to compromise in the form of a quotation from Dante so inappropriate that Professor Prawer is forced to adopt a translation which he knows to be inexact.

Marx was also familiar with Aristo, Tasso and Bolardo. He once shocked Engels with a reference to Arctino. He knew Machiavelli's writings, including the *Historiæ* and *Mandragola*. He scolded Wilhelm Liebknecht for his ignorance of Spanish; *Don Quixote* was among his favourite books. He compares the Prussian press languishing under the censorship imposed by Frederick William IV to Sancho Panza deprived of all food by the court physician for fear a stomach upset might prevent the performance of his duties. But Marx's allusions to Cervantes are not always so happy; one sweetens of his jest at the consoling rival journalist of a rival theorist with mockery of La Mancha for his admiration of Cervantes, Calderón, Lope de Vega and Tirso de Molina [illegible] reading.

Sometimes Marx quotes Rabelais; often he quotes Molière; antagonists are compared with the familiar figures, Tartuffe, M de Porceaugnac, Georges Dandin. Corneille he quotes only from his criticism; Racine he read but seems not to have quoted; he seems not to mention La Fontaine or Mme de Sévigné. Voltaire and Rousseau played an important part in his life; his favourite prose writer was Diderot, especially on account of *Le neveu de Rameau*; and he enjoyed Beaumarchais.

The French Romantics he condemns, together with the other Romantics; he particularly detested Chateaubriand, who in his view "combines in the most revolting way the aristocratic scepticism and Voltaireanism of the eighteenth and the aristocratic sentimentalism and romanticism of the nineteenth century". He quotes Hugo, but seemingly without affection; he rightly observes that Hugo's declamations against Napoleon III were not directed against the weakest points in his opponent's armour. Despite the difference between their political attitudes, Marx revelled in Balzac, often quoted him and seriously planned to write a book about him. As it is, his only published work on a literary topic was devoted to Eugène Sue's lurid best-seller *The Mysteries of Paris*, whose absurdities Marx has little difficulty in laying bare. We do not know that he read Stendhal or Flaubert; we do know that he often relaxed with a volume of Paul de Kock or Alexandre Dumas *père*.

Long before he came to England Marx, like many Germans of his time, had been addicted to the works of Shakespeare; as in the case of Balzac, the difference of political opinion did not disturb him. References to Shakespeare in his works abound, and many of these are not mechanical or conventional. Shylock and Timon are cited at length to illustrate the power of money, the former also in aid of Marx's known antipathy to Judaism. Thersites is quoted, not without sympathy; Bottom's play furnishes examples of people playing roles for which nature has not intended them. Marx more than once quotes the speech in which Cornwall denounces the disguised Kent as one who hides insolence under the guise of plain speaking. Professor Prawer remarks that he seems not to note that their speaker is one of the most odious characters in Shakespeare. Falstaff's and Dogberry's absurdities are claimed, in bitter tones, to illustrate the absurdities of various adversaries.

Late in life Marx was prepared to tackle Shelley in English to read *Piers Plowman*; he seems also to have read some Chaucer. Milton he mentions rarely, and then usually because he sold *Paradise Lost* for five pounds; perhaps Milton's Christianity prevented him from noticing how well he would have got on with Milton's Satan. Spenser he rails at for having taken part in the Elizabethan reduction of Ireland; Marx would never have been at home in Spenser's world. He mentions Dryden, but seems to care more for the author of *Hudibras*; Marx, who has been invoked by so many canting English puritans, delighted in Butler's savage satire against English puritanism ever penned. He enjoyed Pope, especially, of course, the *Dunciad*, and Swift also after he had acquired his complete works in 1870. Defoe he prefers to Richardson; he liked Fielding, and like so many Germans, he admired Sterne. He was totally incapable of appreciating Johnson.

Marx seldom quotes Scott, but certainly enjoyed him greatly, *Old Mortality* being his favourite work. One of the few Americans he cites, along with Harriet Beecher Stowe, is Scott's imitator James Fenimore Cooper. He liked Byron, but not the other English Romantics, for all the congeniality of Shelley's politics.

He much admired Cobbett, though he took his head over his economics; but the respect he began by feeling for Carlyle, one of the few English writers of the time familiar with German literature, waned as he became disgusted by Carlyle's admiration for Jean Paul and by the less pleasing aspects of his hero-worship. Marx did not share Carlyle's admiration for Frederick the Great, whom he used to speak of as "der alte Sodomitor".

Marx loved Dickens, not the sentimental creator of Little Nell and the Brothers Cheeryble but the savage depicter of bourgeois society, the Dickens of Pecksniff, Squeers, Bill Sikes and the Artful Dodger. Wishing to describe Gladstone's oratory to German readers, he thought of the Circumlocution Office in *Little Dorrit*, and called it an "Um-die-Sache-herumschreibungsbureaucratie". He read Thackeray; he preferred the Brontës to George Eliot; he read the novels of Disraeli and of Bulwer Lytton. He loathed Bentham, and also the poetic *Proverbial Philosophy* of Martin Tupper; "neither Bentham nor Tupper", he wrote, "could have been manufactured except in England".

Marx quotes from many German medieval texts—the Nibelungenlied, Hartman von der Aue, Wolfram von Eschenbach and others. To belabour the wretched journalist Karl Heinzen he invokes the "Grobianische Literatur" of the Reformation period; "no wonder", he writes, "that booby literature should once again appear among the Germans". He had little use for the pious poet Klopstock or the established critic Gottsched; he much admired Lessing, both as critic and as polemicist.

Like most cultivated Germans, Marx was steeped in Goethe. He often quoted *Faust*, usually the absurdities of the famulus Wagner or the cynicisms of Mephistopheles. Reineke Fuchs with its popular wisdom and its cynicism about politicians had a strong appeal for him. *Tasso* supplies him with the image of the silkworm for the poet who writes because he must and *Götz* with a stick with which to beat the unsuccessful tragedy of the hated Lassalle. In the *Communist Manifesto* he makes striking use of the *Sorcerer's Apprentice*; in the poem the magician returns to restore order, but in the Europe of the 1840s the *Hexenmeister* himself has lost control. "Commodities are things, and cannot resist man", writes Marx in *Capital*, "if they are not willing, he can use force" ("wenn sie nicht willig, kann er Gewalt brauchen"). Professor Prawer points out the allusion to Goethe's ballad, the ballad superbly translated by Sir Walter Scott; the demon whispers into the ear of the sick child:

Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt.
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.

Schiller's aesthetics is important for Marx, his poetry much less. As he grew older, the artificiality of Schiller's idealism repelled him, and he enjoyed telling Lassalle that in his attempt at tragedy he had been fowled to imitate Schiller rather than Shakespeare. Marx must have been so eager to beat Lassalle with any stick that came to hand that he forgot the abuse which has overtaken any would-be disciple of Shakespeare, and the obvious fact that any degree of fidelity to that model would have meant that the propaganda element in the play would have to go. He was trots out Schiller's sententious line about a childlike spirit seeing the truth when wise men fail; and he quotes from the Wallenstein trilogy the story of the sergeant-major who tries to copy Wallenstein, but reproduces accurately only the way in which he spits.

Marx cites the poetry of Uhland, Burger, Ruckert; the ponderous "tragedies of fate" of Müllner; the fantastic tales of E.T.A. Hoffmann. Among his literary contemporaries he ridiculed Kinkel and his wife; he ended by quarrelling with Herwegh; and he finally turned against his old collaborator Freiligrath, a more important was his friendship with Heine. At school and as a student he had imitated Heine's poetry; during the Paris period they became friends, and when Marx left he would have liked to take Heine away in his luggage. Later they no longer saw eye to eye; Marx repeated scandal about Mathilde, and Heine's return to a belief in God disgusted him; yet he would still listen to no criticism of Heine's work.

He was familiar with that work and often quotes it; *Deutschland: eine Wintermärchen* in particular supplied him with many illustrations. More important is the influence of Heine's satirical and polemical prose on that of Marx; it is most instructive to compare the two. Even when Heine is at his bitterest, as in the mollifying pamphlet against Borne which Marx, characteristically, so much admired, he has a lightness of tone and playfulness of fancy which Marx, for all his warmth of feeling and sardonic humour, never equals.

Marx cared deeply about style, and at his best, as in the *Communist Manifesto*, he can appeal powerfully to the emotions as well as the intelligence of his reader. Undeniably he has wit, and even humour, though of a rather ponderous kind; but just as the gods denied him the gift of poetry, so they denied him the gift for prose writing of a Heine, a Swift or a Voltaire. The moment these names are mentioned, one remarks the heaviness of Marx's prose, the coarseness of its texture, the crude brightness of its colours, its typically German lack of the French virtues. As a writer and as a man, Heine with all his faults had charm; Marx despite all his great qualities lacked charm completely.

The picture of Marx as reader which emerges from the study of Professor Prawer's book fits well with the impression derived from other sources. The greatest writers are indeed preferred above the rest; but they supply material, for the most part, for the expression of irony or indignation. Certain significant blind spots are found; the greatest French poetry, almost all lyric verse that is not German, the subtler novelists of Marx's own time. The study brings out many of his great qualities; it also brings out his alarming limitations.

Reading the book one remembers how strongly Marx insists on the objectivity of his own approach to history. Yet his account of some of the effects of capitalism in his time, based upon the data supplied by Engels, reveals a fierce moral indignation. So, in a different way, do his countless attacks on individual persons, many of them so insignificant that one wonders why Marx should have troubled to notice their existence.

It is not easy to avoid the impression that Marx from the beginning had a chip on his shoulder. How is this to be explained? He had a happy childhood; his family was well off; his parents loved him; he had an excellent education; he was encouraged by the generous friendship of Westphalen and the love of his delightful daughter. He had a perfect wife, and children to whom he was devoted; in the early years of exile he had to endure bitter poverty, but that came too late to affect his psychological development.

An obvious explanation is at hand. Marx did not suffer from disabilities imposed upon the Jews, since his father's acceptance of Christianity had exempted him. But in the Rhineland of his time a certain social stigma undoubtedly attached to Jewish origins. He seems to have felt this keenly. In all his voluminous writings Professor Prawer has unearthed only two references to his Jewish birth, both made in private letters and to injure others. In the early essay in which he advocated the assimilation of Jews into the general population, Marx identified the Jew with "gross and unrelieved commercialism"; in Professor Prawer's words, he chose "to overlook the Jewish tradition of spirituality, intellectual adventurousness, and prophetic fervour whose heir he himself unwillingly was". One of his *bêtes noires* was Moses Mendelssohn, partly, it would seem, because he was a Jew. His remarks about Lassalle sometimes recall the tone of Goebbels. An innocent bluestocking, Ludmilla Assing, who bored him during a visit to Germany, he called "the ugliest creature I ever saw in my life, a nastily Jewish physiognomy". Marx's attitude to his own ancestry was surely a potent factor in the formation of his character.

Judaism, ignored and rejected by his conscious mind, comes out strongly in his philosophy. Toynbee pointed out that we find here the sacred book, the inspired prophet, the chosen people being guided to the promised land. Impatient as Marx often became with the representatives of the proletariat whom he had to deal with, the references to it in his writings are deeply permeated with the wholly German sentimentality that was so deeply rooted in his nature. During his lifetime Burckhardt was warning his readers that during the twentieth century power would pass into the hands of the masses, and was expressing doubts about their suitability to exercise that power; Marx had no such worries. In his works the utopian approach that hastens on the most radical alteration of existing society is never questioned; the possibility that when the proletariat is in sole command new class divisions might appear within it is never raised. As for the notion that the condition of the workers might be best improved by piecemeal social engineering, that could never have been entertained by one who through Hegel had absorbed so much of Plato.

Worknotes

The East German writer Volker Braun his assembled essays and aperçus spanning the years 1964 to 1973, punctuated by some of his poems, in *Es genügt nicht die einfache Wahrheit* (149pp, Frankfurt: Suhrkamp, DM 6). Writing very much under the tutelage of Brecht, as the subtitle "Notate" indicates, Braun insists on the provisional nature of these worknotes—not his "opinions . . . but his reflexions" —and, relentlessly probing and questioning, revels in the contradictions and antitheses that are thrown up. He is well aware of the problematical position of a critical writer, especially such a pungent one, in a socialist state: "We are no longer writing against existing society but for it, for its inherent transformation." Indeed Braun's dissident stance has exposed him to repeated attack from the DDR literary establishment; evidence of the difficulty of keeping faith with the Brechtian heritage amid the prevailing provincialism and officially sponsored "fetishization of the traditional".

Peter Labanyi

Brief Thoughts on Maps

Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, who knew a lot about maps
according to which life is on its way somewhere or other,
told us this story from the war
due to which history is on its way somewhere or other:

The young lieutenant of a small Hungarian detachment in the Alps
sent a reconnaissance unit out into the icy wasteland.
It began to snow.
Immediately, snowed for two days and the unit
did not return. The lieutenant suffered: he had despatched
his own people to death.

But the third day the unit came back.
Where had they been? How had they made their way?
Yes, they said, we considered ourselves
lost and waited for the end. And then one of us
found a map in his pocket. That calmed us down.
We pitched camp, lasted out the snowstorm and then with the map
we discovered our bearings.
And here we are.

The lieutenant borrowed this remarkable map
and had a good look at it. It was not a map of the Alps
but of the Pyrenees.

Goodbye now.

Miroslav Holub

Translated from the Czech by Jarmila and Ian Milner

THE EYRE METHUEN SPRING 1977 ANNOUNCEMENT LIST

BIOGRAPHY
CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD
Christopher and His Kind
The long awaited autobiography of Isherwood's Berlin years.
March £4.95

FICTION
JOHN BRAINE
Finger of Fire
The second Kevin Flynn novel. A "thrilling man's" thriller.
June about £3.95

MOLLIE HARDWICK
Charlie is My Darling
Another superb historical romance by the author of Bonny's Daughter.
May £4.95

COLIN WATSON
One Man's Meat
The latest Flaxborough novel.
May £3.50

TASMAN BEATTIE
The Zanzibari Drunk
Violence and double cross in the political ferment of contemporary Africa.
June £3.50

PHILIP K. DICK
The Simulacra
Seven books published in Britain, an enthralling novel by an acknowledged master of science fiction.
June about £2.75

CLIFFORD D. SIMAK
Time and Again
An intriguing tale by one of the best-loved storytellers in science fiction.
March £2.75

PETER HANDKE
The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick
A disturbing and gripping study of alienation in the modern world.
June about £2.95

PETER HANDKE
Short Letter, Long Farewell
"I can't think of anything in this year's crop of British fiction has comparable interest and promise" Frank Kermode
May about £2.95

POETRY
The London Book of English Verse
selected by HERBERT READ and BONAMY DOBREE
The famous anthology with its contents grouped by theme instead of chronology.
April about £4.50 Hb. and £1.95 Pb.

TRAVEL & TOPOGRAPHY
The Regions of Britain Series
JOSCELINE FINBERG
The Cotswolds
A region whose special charm is to have moved with the times without surrendering its ancient graces.
July about £3.95 Hb. £2.95 Pb.

The Regions of Britain Series
JOHN TALBOT WHITE
The South-East
Thames and Weald; Kent, Surrey and Sussex
The region has one of the finest collections of domestic buildings, fortifications and castles to be found anywhere in Britain.
July about £3.95 Hb. £2.95 Pb.

GENERAL BOOKS
SANDY WILSON
The Roaring Twenties
The latest in the Picturegilts Series perfectly captures the elusive, volatile spirit of the times.
January £2.50

RITCHIE YORKE
ROCK - The History of Rock 'n' Roll
An in-depth study of the Rock phenomenon from 1955 to 1976.
March £2.50

RUTH FREMES & DR. ZAK SABRY
Nutrigenes
The rate yourself plan for better nutrition.
April £2.95

TIMOTHY HALL and GUY GRANT
Superpsych
Illustrated with many examples, both everyday and bizarre, Superpsych concentrates on the applicability of hypnosis.
April £4.95

PLAYS
BERTOLT BRECHT
Mr. Puntila & His Man Matti
This play contains some of the best comedy Brecht ever wrote for the theatre.
March about £1.50 Pb.

BERTOLT BRECHT
The Measures Taken & Other Lehrstücke
These in wedding in the drama of this century which can match the Lehrstücke for precision of language and economy of theatrical technique.
May about £1.25 Pb.

BERTOLT BRECHT
Collected Plays Vol. 7
1942-1946
This volume throws a revealing light on the reactions of a great writer to the twin perils of exile and war.
May £3.95 Pb.

MICHAEL FRAYN
Alphabetical Order & Donkey's Years
Alphabetical Order won Michael Frayn the Evening Standard 'Best Comedy' award. Donkey's Years is currently enjoying an extended run in London's West End.
May about £3.50 Hb. £1.75 Pb.

MICHAEL FRAYN
Clouds
Described as Michael Frayn's best play to date, Clouds is a travel sketchbook of sharp and entertaining caricatures.
March about £3.25 Hb. £1.50 Pb.

EDWARD BOND
Plays: One
This volume contains The Pope's Wedding, Saved and Early Morning.
June about £1.25 Pb.

HAROLD PINTER
Plays: Two
This volume contains the Caretaker, Night School, The Dwarfs, The Collection and The Lover as well as five revue sketches.
May about £5p. Pb.

WOLFGANG BAUER, RAINER WERNER FASSBINDER, PETER HANDKE and FRANZ XAVER KROETZ
Shakespeare the Sadist, Bremen Coffee, My Foot My Tutor and Stallerhof.
The past few years have seen a remarkable renaissance in the German theatre, stimulated by the need for young playwrights to come to terms with the almost overpowering legacy left by Brecht.
April about £3.50 Hb. £1.50 Pb.

KEN CAMPBELL
Roland for Clowns
Adapted from a play by Frederick K. Wasshuber
One of the best new children's plays of the last few years.
June about £1.25 Pb.

EYRE METHUEN DRAMA BOOKS
CLIVE BARKER
Theatre Games
A new approach to drama training.
June about £4.50 Hb. £2.25 Pb.

RONALD HAYMAN
How to Read a Play
An invaluable guide for all those who sit down to read a play alone and in silence.
May about £4.50 Hb. £2.25 Pb.

JOHN WILLETT
The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht
A revised paperback edition of the standard guide to Brecht's writing for and about the theatre.
May about £2.50

MARTON ESSLIN
Pinter: A study of His Plays
A third, expanded edition of this standard work on Pinter's plays.
February £2.75 Pb.

JOHN HODGSON & ERNEST RICHARDS
Improvisation
This is a reissue of the second edition of the well known book which discusses an increasingly popular approach to the production of a play and the teaching of drama.
May £2.95 Pb.

JOHN RUSSELL TAYLOR
Anger and After
A reissue of the most authoritative guide to post-Osborne drama in Britain.
March. £3.00 Pb.

The muck and the brass

By Hugh Greene

JAMES PHELAN :
Howard Hughes : The Hidden Years
201pp. Collins. £3.75.

It is only two pages before the end of this account of the last years in the life of the American billionaire, Howard Hughes, that its author, James Phelan, gets round to asking the one really important and interesting question—the question "why?" Why did the richest man in the United States, perhaps the richest man in the world, choose to live not only the secret life of a recluse but of a singularly sordid recluse? His real property in various forms, including his gambling empire in Nevada, TWA, Hughes Tools and other companies, amounted to one and a quarter billion dollars, a figure beyond any normal person's comprehension. Such was his manipulative skill, and his hold on the federal and state authorities in the United States, that he never paid more than $20,000 in income tax in any one year.

With all this fantastic wealth he had no cash, no clothes apart from draw-string shorts which sometimes had to be specially run up for him in bizarre circumstances and a filthy old dressing-gown. All he drank was Poland water (whatever that may be) which had to be specially provided in quart bottles. He ate nothing much but chicken sandwiches. He suffered from rotten teeth, ulcers and shrunken kidneys. He was covered in bed sores with the bones protruding through the flesh. Everything he touched had to be wrapped in Kleenex to protect him from the germs of which he was terrified. His bedroom in the Las Vegas hotel from which his organization dominated the gambling world was lined with sealed jars of his own urine which had accumulated over years.

Hughes spent his time in a darkened room watching movies, leaving the control of his interests to a succession of "prime ministers" and his immediate entourage; and if he felt an occasional desire to see something of the outside world, these men closed the windows, drew the curtains and drove him back into the darkness and isolation in which they could control him. Yet the strange thing about them was that they were not ordinary crooks on to a good thing. Most of them were plous Mormons who spent some part of every day on their knees and they even seem to have felt some loyalty and affection for the scarecrow they tended.

Every now and again the complications of his business dealings entailed sudden flight from Las Vegas to the Bahamas, from the Bahamas to Nicaragua, from Nicaragua to London, from London back to the Bahamas, from the Bahamas to Acapulco. Only in the Bahamas, not yet an independent Commonwealth country, did the authorities show themselves unimpressed by the wealth and fame of the legendary billionaire, and the immigration officials insisted on forcing their way into the floor of the hotel which he had had blocked off and protected by armed guards. The best pages in Mr Phelan's book describe Hughes being smuggled in broad daylight down a fire escape to an empty room on the sixth floor while the Bahamians charged into his empty penthouse. None of the hotel guests gathered round the swimming pool looked up to see the man who had so long been invisible. Home in the United States Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell were his devoted servants and would never have treated him with such lack of respect.

It is a pity that James Phelan does not probe more deeply into the past and seek to give an answer to the question—why? He goes no further than a reference to the last scene in Orson Welles's film *Citizen Kane* in which a team from a news magazine sought and failed to find an explanation for Kane's last word "Rosebud". There was no last word from Howard Hughes, but somewhere surely there must be the hint of an explanation. After all, Hughes had been a man of remarkably varied talents. In the 1930s he had held the round-the-world flight record. He had built up an immense fortune from his father's very considerable one. He had produced some remarkable films including *Scarface* and *Hell's Angels*, and his keenness in designing a specially cantilevered brassière for Jane Russell was hardly confined to problems of engineering. He had seemed something of a Renaissance man until the last shadowed years.

At any rate James Phelan, though no stylist, is not a Clifford Irving. His account rings true and is based on information from two men in the inner circle round Hughes, one of whom used to cut his hair and his finger and toe nails on the rare occasions he had to face an intruder from the outside world. It will be a valuable contribution to the book, or perhaps the film, which must one day seek to make sense of this macabre story.

Lenin in the summer of 1923, six months before his death. The photograph, taken by his sister Maria, appears in Rusland hoe het was, *a remarkable collection of Russian photographs of mysterious provenance published by Uitgeverij Contact in Amsterdam. Photographs of Lenin are rare and this one has apparently only been seen once before, in a book published in Moscow in 1970.*

The story of O

By C. Vita-Finzi

DAVID SILVERMAN and JILL JONES :
Organizational Work
197pp. Collier-Macmillan. £8.30.

Organizational Work started out as a study of the strategies by which junior administrative staff in a large public-sector organization obtain advancement. Tape-recordings were made of selection boards, promotion review panels, appraisal interviews of employees by their immediate superiors, and new staff working, being trained, and talking about their career prospects. The tapes were played back to the participants and their reactions were recorded in accordance with A. Cicourel's research strategy of "indefinite triangulation", which attempts to reveal the inherent "reflexivity" of all everyday accounts.

From "the language of grading" the authors move on to "the grading of language" as the research progressed, they became interested in the "rules" by which the accounts were being interpreted both by the employees and by themselves, and they began to record their impressions of how they were relating to members of the O, their own reactions to the tapes, and their informal conversations with various employees. As an illustration of the organizational quality of speech, Silverman and Jones cite the "insight decline" that set in after they had played their tapes back four or five times.

All those tapes, those monstrous forkfuls of magnetized tagliatelle masticated four or five times, would lead to definite strangulation without some guiding principle. Max first appears on page 10 and Ludwig on page 12; Karl has to wait until page 151, but he carries the day. "The words of a speaker are offered to a market and the issue centres around their saleability"; the standard of discourse is "exchange value". Writing is an act of production which produces self as well as text. Of course.

For those who prefer a richer view of life the book is of interest for the glimpses it gives into the verbal packing by which rank is decided within the O and the prejudices by which admission to it is governed. The quality most prized in applicants is non-abrasiveness. As the chairman of the board says about a likely prospect: "Umm. He's a good run of the mill er chap."

Even so,

"Interviews to me—this type of interview—I . . . object to most strongly actually. . . ."

"Why?"

"Oooh, it's um . . . I know you kind of you separate the wood from the trees, or whatever you . . . "

"Wheat and chaff, I think, yeah."

"But er, but what do you end up with?" (laughs).

Annual Club Dinner

Even as clouds float on to hidden ends
So do these convives here converse together,
Each spending smiles reconstituting friends
While sighing at another's shortening tether.
Ambitions high and wide enough in scope,
Shrunk in now to the promptings of the Double,
Here husband some last modicum of hope
Stumble across but too well-gleamed a stubble.

WHAT WAS takes over, calls itself a Will :
The fleeting eddy would the Tide forget
(The emptying heart, the unrelenting chill)
And hold things as they were, yes, even yet.
Now does compassion, heart's eye, the unbidden
Find for itself what in these clouds is hidden.

I. A. Richards

The time-consuming tube

By Anthony Storr

RAY BROWN (Editor) :
Children and Television
368pp. Collier Macmillan. £7.50.

Middle-class intellectuals are still apt to boast that they never watch television, in spite of the fact that a television set is now to be found in 93 per cent of homes in Britain. Moreover, they blame television for a variety of evil effects, supposing that it provides models for delinquent behaviour, breaks up family life, diminishes the possibility of conversation, keeps children indoors, discourages interest in books, blunts sensibilities, and promotes vulgarity. How far are these strictures justified?

Attempts to find out have been going on in every country where television has been introduced, as *Children and Television* attests. Ray Brown, who edits the book, is described as a social psychologist who is research fellow at the Centre for Television Research, University of Leeds, and he has collected contributions from Scandinavia, Australasia, and the United States, as well as from Britain.

It cannot be said that this collection of papers is entertaining reading. The use of cliché is recurrent. In answer to the question "why television is the mass medium most used by children", one contributor tells us:

To begin with, children find that television satisfies the most needs; i e it is the least specialized medium. Second, they find that it satisfies these needs best. No other medium is experienced as being at the same time so entertaining, informative and social as television. This is partly bound up with the fact that television has such pictures and sound. Also television has the advantage that it is easily accessible, since it is there in the home.

However, if one is prepared to wade through some 360 pages of this kind of thing, some interesting, though of course still tentative, conclusions do begin to emerge.

There is general agreement that the peak age for television watching is twelve to fourteen. Boys watch more than girls; the working class watch more than the middle class. It is unlikely that television has many dire effects upon family life. In fact, because television is generally to be found in the family sitting-room, and is watched collectively with the lights on, it may actually promote family discussion and interchange. It is probably only in highly intellectual households that television is banished to a room where the family does not habitually congregate.

Fears that television may promote violent or delinquent behaviour seem in general to be ill-founded. Most of the psychological experiments which have demonstrated an increase in aggressive behaviour in children who have just watched a violent programme suffer from the disadvantage that the experimental situation in which they are studied is contrived and artificial. The consensus seems to be that television only increases aggression in those children who already display more than average aggression. Moreover, it is those children who are already prone to violence who especially select the most violent programmes. If television has any effect at all in causing delinquency, it is one which is marginal. Real-life violence on television makes the majority of people anxious rather than aggressive.

Moreover, the imitative consequences of watching television seem to be minimal. Although children look for models on which to base their behaviour, the fact that they make heroes out of television performers does not mean that they actually behave like those performers. The models provided by the family are far more important influences.

Ambitious parents will be glad to hear that the amount of homework done by television-watchers is scarcely less than by the tiny minority who never see it. Television certainly reduces cinema-going, radio-listening, and the reading of comics; but the reading of books is so different an activity that it is very little diminished. If there is any diminution in reading this occurs, perhaps surprisingly, among older rather than younger children. Indeed, as Hilde Himmelweit observed years ago in her classic study *Television and the Child*, television may actually promote a wider range of reading in that it stimulates interest in non-fiction among those who would otherwise be reading only novels.

We are repeatedly told that television is profoundly important politically, and that political leaders must master the medium if they are to capture votes. Yet American studies show that television is relatively unimportant in determining how individuals actually vote.

The findings . . . showed that the people most interested in the forthcoming election decided soonest how they would vote, they also selectively exposed themselves to, and interpreted media materials in a manner that was consistent with their intentions.

I quote this passage because it is an illustration of something which crops up over and over again in different contexts. Television is not very effective in altering existing attitudes or in implanting new ones. Both adults and children select from it whatever reinforces beliefs and prejudices which they already hold. The box is far less important than either its advocates or its opponents would have us believe. It is more like one of those "projection tests" used by psychologists to reveal personality. What any individual sees in the small screen is a reflection of himself.

Why does television watching decline as children progress through adolescence? Part of the answer seems to be that television provides no solace for the ups and downs of mood which are part of the adolescent condition. Instead, boys and girls in their later teens listen to records. The small screen cannot soothe the savage breast.

Perhaps the worst effect of television springs from the fact that it fills leisure time so completely. At the peak age of twelve to fourteen children spend over three hours every day in front of the screen. There is evidence that, when planned social events like football matches or parties are little interfered with, spontaneous social contacts are diminished. The casual meeting, the unplanned conversation, the unexpected friendship which springs up because there is "nothing else to do" are less likely to occur because television fills every gap in a child's programme. It also diminishes the time available for day-dreaming; that activity is deplored by parents but which is actually so important, and important not only for children. Does television diminish creativity? We have no evidence that it does, but I strongly suspect it. Gibbon, Mitchell, are available to save the world from Conservatism and its formidable army of villains.

Going straight

By Sandra Salmans

JUDITH GUEST :
Ordinary People
252pp. Collins. £3.50.

Judith Guest's first novel, *Ordinary People*, has already created something of a minor sensation in the United States where it has been compared, as so many novels are, to *The Catcher in the Rye*. Its hero is Conrad Jarrett, an unusually likable seventeen-year-old who has just returned from hospital after trying to kill himself. He is haunted by the memory of his older brother, who drowned the previous year in a sailing accident which he, Conrad, survived. He is afraid of his fastidious mother, who is still offended by the blood that he spattered across the bathroom when he slashed his wrists. As the narrative opens, he seems close to another suicide attempt.

The combined attentions of his father, his psychiatrist and his girlfriend gradually restore him to health. His rash clears up, he thrashes the school bully in the car park, he loses his virginity. But even as Conrad's life takes a turn for the better, his father's life slowly deteriorates. Grieving for his dead son and frantically worried about the survivor, Calvin Jarrett wants to share his concern with his wife. She will not permit it. Beautiful and aloof, Beth Jarrett cherishes a rigid self-control that makes her cling to appearances and seem indifferent to her family.

At first Calvin asks himself "what the hell is wrong with her". Later he admits that he has never really penetrated to her private core. His efforts to reach Beth only make her more hostile. In the end, she packs up for a solitary Greek holiday of unknown duration, bringing Calvin and Conrad still closer together.

It is a theme that could easily turn maudlin, and Judith Guest is to be congratulated for avoiding that trap. She presents Conrad's and Calvin's points of view in alternate chapters and in a matter-of-fact tone, thus maintaining a critical distance from her figures. But if the story is reasonably believable, the characters, with the notable exception of Conrad, are not. The psychiatrist, a wise monkey of a man with eyes like "an intense blue spotlight", is a cliché. So is the girlfriend, who shares Conrad's teenage confusion but lacks his irony.

Miss Guest is slightly more successful with Calvin Jarrett, although he becomes less believable when he opens his mouth. A middle-aged Midwestern tax lawyer ought to know better than to exclaim "gee" and muse about "vibrations". The greatest failure is Beth, who passes through the narrative on her way to golf games and club meetings. A potentially interesting character, she remains an enigma built to her family and to the reader.

Ordinary People is decidedly not a latter-day *Catcher in the Rye*, and Judith Guest rather far from J. D. Salinger. A Midwestern housewife, she doesn't have the cynicism now popular among East Coast writers. Her perspective is wholesomely American and her book, a best-seller in the States, accordingly optimistic. Teenagers will have a hard time identifying with Conrad Jarrett. For all his suicidal impulses, he is a remarkably graceful youth, good-looking, intelligent, athletic. Sadly his return to health diminishes his appeal as a character. Still, *Ordinary People* is a carefully structured book, and as easy to like as Conrad himself.

Complications on the Costa

By John Butt

LUIS GOYTISOLO :
Los verdes de mayo hasta el mar
310pp. Barcelona: Seix Barral.

This is the second volume in a tetralogy, *Antagonia*, of which *La colera de Aquiles* and *Teoria del conocimiento* are still to come, and the first volume, *Recuenta*, was the object of understandable but perhaps immoderate scorn in the *TLS* of May 23, 1975. Not that the darts of this or any other perplexed critic will stay the mighty work in its progress. *Antagonia*, whatever it all means, is under way, and is clearly going to be a major event. Its 1,000 pages so far gather up all the fancy experiments in novel writing of three continents, and take ample revenge for the years of uncomplicated narrative prose written in Spain during the Franco era.

These novels badly need a reader's guide, so that any single-handed review must be tentative. We left Raul at the end of *Recuenta*, fresh out of jail for communist activities, leaving for the seaside town of Rosas to work on a novel, notes for which formed the closing pages of the book. His "mental state was unstable, his relations with his lover were critical", we were told. *Los verdes de mayo hasta el mar* is the novel Raul writes while in this unsuspicious state.

It consists partly of an account of his fraught holiday and partly of notes towards a novel, no less, about tourists and other originals in the fleshpots of the Costa Brava, as well as of dreams, memories and asides, shuffled and reshuffled until all distinction between fiction and fiction within fiction is blurred; and the whole is written up with a deep love of unstructured verbiage.

Seminal themes—the manner is compulsive—are the *embourgeoisement* of Catalonia, political disillusion, family life, alcohol and sex —much of it and much of that much un or barely natural. But the basic theme is now clear: novel-writing itself, and the relationship between lived experience and the novelist's art. A novel about someone writing a novel must allow for much narcissistic self-indulgence on the part of an author as obsessed with his own vocation as is Luis Goytisolo. *Los verdes de mayo* offers the spectacle of an author watching himself watching himself write. Together with *Recuenta* it provides us with the raw experience, the working notes and the finished product.

These structural complications are presumably intended to provide a maximum of distance so as to transmute a rather conventional, autobiographical account of a typical Spanish upbringing into something more durable. But the distance gained is illusory. First of all because no amount of surface complexity can hide the fact that what is going on underneath — squabbles with wife, boozy parties, troubles with father-in-law — is ordinary. Second because Goytisolo cannot or will not break out from the stylistic limits he set up in the first pages of *Recuenta*. Both novels are cases of complexity without variety. No matter how jumbled the sequences, how baffling and numerous the flashbacks, asides, elisions and superimpositions, the writer is always the same and his voice unvarying: uniformly deliberate, pedantic, moralizing. Among the several asides about novel-writing we read: "Avoid all closed, coherent characterization. No characters, no psychological types; a single mental mechanism in action, through whose working things, people, facts come into being. . . ." But it is only the single mechanism which comes into being. It dominates the work in the way no omniscient author ever did in the bad old days of realism. Its syntax, constructions and rhythms never change. Whatever its name at the moment, it is always the same old Luis Goytisolo with the same baggage of obsessions and attitudes.

Both the Goytisolo brothers are having language troubles. Juan Goytisolo ended his last novel, *Juan sin tierra*, in dialectal Arabic written in oriental characters; Luis Goytisolo ends his amid scenes of frantic sexual and verbal orgy, with many allusions to classical matters, especially Jason. There is something sad about a writer who cannot tolerate the burden of his own language, but there is not much that can be done about it. Raul's quest has brought him to limits of every kind, linguistic, sexual and artistic. He should by now have accumulated much knowledge and wisdom in the rake's progress, and it is interesting to speculate where it will lead him in the next novel. Whatever happens, it must be somewhere different, for the series badly needs a change of gear away from the sinks of the touring classes. If Raul flees Rosas and this low company and dedicates himself to measured reflection for a few hundred pages, then *Antagonia* may become a masterpiece. It will certainly be hailed as such in Spain, a land of complicit reviewers.

How the West was lost

By John Ryle

PAGE EDWARDS JR :
Touring
180pp. Marion Boyars. £4.95.

Where does the well-bred American novel go when it forsakes the campus and the suburb? With Page Edwards Jr, it goes *Touring*. When his hero, Sullivan Fisher, on vacation from his work as articles editor of *Plastics World*, flies in from Phoenix to his childhood home, he finds that the rundown mining community has struck a lucky lode once more as a tourist boom town: "Frontier Times is in full bloom at wondrous Peach Springs."

A tourist in his own past, Sullivan finds the town transformed, with booths and boarded sidewalks, and Western-style façades built on the street called Sun Dance, where his childhood sweetheart, Melody Lynn, plays mistress of ceremonies at the daily gunfight. The local Indians, the Ntwas—all fifty-seven of them—perform their ancestors' ceremonies for visitors to the expensively reconstructed ruins of their ancient dwelling-places. The only genuine antiquity in Peach Springs, "Christina", the mummified remains of a member of an earlier Indian culture, is buried and replaced by a ridiculous plastic replica. Erstwhile cowboys deal in real estate—trailer camps for tourists and adobe hacienda-style condominiums for old folk, built in cinder-block and fibre-glass. (And next to Zane Grey in the book-rack at the drug-store, *Touring* may well be on sale.)

Sullivan and his wife, Elizabeth, are guided round the sights of the new Old Town by Sam, his uncle, an oldtimer and editor of the local newspaper, a lovable frontier character, with a habit of growling "howdy", "hot damn" and suchlike. "We're chameleons here, Sully", he tells his bemused nephew. "Have to be. If they come rustling in here after the Old Frontier instead of silver or gold or crude oil, then we give it to them. How would the town survive otherwise?" It turns to Elizabeth: "Looks like you married yourself a real dreamer."

This could be the start of a good story, but there is no story. Mr Edwards seems to have structured his narrative on the pattern of a tourist itinerary; so the dreamlike interpolation of the events of Sullivan's youth provides the only relief as we traipse from Airport to Ruin, from Silver Dollar Motel to Prospector's Cabin. Sullivan's musings on his past are promisingly juxtaposed with his wife's enthusiasm for "history", whether real or fabricated by the Peach Springs tourist Board, but the flashbacks and flashes forward turn out to be flashes in the pan. Mr Edwards barely explores the ironic and comic possibilities of his subject; his characters are no more substantial than the cardboard cowboys on Sun Dance; and his style represents the worst of West Coast whimsy without parading of the redeemingly bizarre and haunting quality of its originator, Richard Brautigan.

Sullivan and Elizabeth finally fly back to Phoenix, leaving *Touring* to dissolve in the ephemeridity of Peach Springs, where the citizens are too busy faking the past to notice the present passing. (There is a moral in that, but Mr Edwards does not make it.) It's clear by the final pages that Sullivan and Elizabeth's vacation, like most, has been rather uneventful: most of what happens would fit on a postcard.

Criminal proceedings

JOHN CROSBY :
Snake
240pp. Cape. £3.95.

Geraldine Colt, a former member of a militant Maoist group, who is wanted in the States for murder and armed robbery, has turned to religion and fled to Majorca. She is pursued by an FBI agent who is obsessed with her case and by Bill James, another terrorist and her former lover. This is an intelligent and well-written, but somewhat disappointing thriller. John Crosby has done his homework on urban guerrilla literature, but the references to it have a scissors-and-paste air to them, while the author's apparent assumption that sex is a force which must always overcome religion, ideology or duty allows him to titillate his audience, but undermines an obvious seriousness of intent, as well as providing the novel with a sentimental, out-of-key ending.

ALISTAIR MACLEAN :
Seawitch
221pp. Collins. £3.50.

When multimillionaire oil tycoon Lord Worth starts undercutting oil prices by making use of a new type of offshore drilling platform, a consortium of his rivals employ John Cronkite, whose name has "long become a legend, although at times a far from savoury one", to put a stop to this. Into the ensuing violent imbroglio are drawn Lord Worth's two young and beautiful daughters, Marina (whose hair is "black as a raven's wing") and Melinda (whose hair is "pure titian"). Luckily two incorruptible private investigators, Roomer and Mitchell, are available to save the girls from Cronkite and his formidable army of villains.

Roomer (with a moustache, loves Melinda) takes rather a back seat during the action; it is Mitchell (without moustache, loves Marina) who is responsible for most of the monotonous series of thuds, occasionally varied by a splash, as corpse after corpse hits the deck or falls into the sea. But then, of course, he can see in the dark, and is also, as Roomer knowledgeably informs Marina, "a throw-back to the old Scandinavian beserker": an invincible combination.

Seawitch, judged by Alistair Maclean's other work, is a disappointing book. There is no central riddle to create suspense, as there is in his best novels. Instead, a continual escalation of violent action is used to capture and hold the reader's attention; a much weaker device, since it fails whenever the pace is slowed, or bores through surfeit, if there is no respite. Which is the case with *Seawitch*.

ED McBAIN :
Guns
213pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3.50.

Colley Donato is a handgun freak. At sixteen he shoots a member of a rival juvenile gang through the throat with a .22 Astra Firecat; thirteen years later he is using a .38 Colt Detective Special in a liquor store holdup that goes disastrously wrong. He escapes from the New York police with a 9mm Walther P-38, and ends with an empty Ruger Blackhawk .357 Magnum in his dead hand. Ed McBain sensibly does not try to explain the causes of Colley's obsession or endeavour to link it with inadequacies in other spheres of life; he confines himself strictly to its results, with the consequence that *Guns* is as well-constructed as a 7.62mm Mannlicher, as full of slugs as a Browning Hi-Power, and as powerful as a .455 Webley.

T. J. Binyon

Murasaki Shikibu
THE TALE OF GENJI
"One of the earliest, longest and greatest novels in literature . . . deserves to stand as high as Waley's . . . the new version is a triumph of authenticity and readability."
Anthony Thwaite, **The Observer**
"A new translation . . . gives me the chance to press one of my favourite novels upon a new generation of readers . . ." *Raymond Mortimer*, **The Sunday Times**
1100 pages 2 volumes £15.00

Donald Keene
WORLD WITHIN WALLS
Japanese Literature of the Pre-Modern Era, 1600-1867
"Let me recommend a new book by that great expert Donald Keene . . . This book, I believe, is the most authoritative in English on its subject."
Raymond Mortimer, **The Sunday Times**
"A masterly study of Japanese literature."
Anthony Thwaite, **The Observer**
£11.75

Harry Crews
A FEAST OF SNAKES
"Fast and funny . . . a chilling and even haunting story." **The Daily Mail**
"The sinister neatness with which the novel coils round itself . . . a compulsive quality."
Lorna Sage, **The Observer**
"Mr Crews is uncomfortably convincing."
Jeremy Brooks, **The Sunday Times**
£3.50

Guy Bellamy
THE SECRET LEMONADE DRINKER
"The giggle of the spring . . . acid dialogue, sharply differentiated characters set in a world readily recognised these permissive days . . . masterly . . . succinctly written."
Eric Hiscock, **The Bookseller**
£3.50

Secker & Warburg

Goodbye to Dublin

By F. S. L. Lyons

GEORGE MOORE:
Hail and Farewell
774pp. Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe. £20.

Ever since I have been in the country I have heard people speaking of working for Ireland. . . . What do they mean? They do not know themselves, but go on vainly sacrificing all personal achievement, humiliating themselves before Ireland as if the country were a god. A race inveterately religious I suppose it must be! And these sacrifices continue generation after generation. Something in the land itself inspires them. And I began to tremble lest the terrible Cathleen ni Houlihan might overtake me. She had come out of that arid plain, out of the mist, to tempt me, to soothe me into forgetfulness that it is the plain duty of every Irishman to dissociate himself from all memories of Ireland—Ireland being a fatal disease, fatal to Englishmen and doubly fatal to Irishmen.

The rape of George Moore by Cathleen ni Houlihan, and his later recoil from her suffocating embrace, is certainly an epic theme, though whether the theme was quite exalted enough to form the basis for the "sacred book" which Moore claimed to have written in *Hail and Farewell* is a more dubious proposition. He makes the proposition difficult to take seriously, not because his book is autobiographical (his own doubts on that score, he said, were removed when he remembered St Paul), but simply because it is so funny.

Nowadays, when Moore seems to be coming back into fashion and his work is attracting suitably portentous criticism, it is easy to be mesmerized by the fascinating questions of style and technique which his books always raise and to forget that, in this instance, all the formidable resources of his art went into producing from the marvellous material that Edwardian Dublin gave him so prodigally one of the great comic masterpieces of English literature.

No one interested in the Irish literary movement in the early years of this century can have escaped falling under the spell of *Hail and Farewell*, but this of course excludes a substantial portion of the reading public to whom it may well be a closed book. In order to open it all they need to know is that George Moore, son of a landowning family in the west of Ireland, having gained fame as a realistic novelist in England—"the ricochet of Monsieur Zola", to use his own phrase—was drawn homewards at the turn of the century. Repelled by the England of the Boer War and affecting to believe that the English language was in hopeless decline (it had lost its verbs, he thought), he saw in his native country the prospect of a cultural renaissance which would assert the separate identity of Ireland by making men conscious that they were the heirs of an ancient civilization. More specifically, Moore looked to the drama and to the Gaelic revival to achieve the liberation of the spirit that he hoped was about to occur. In this hope he settled in Dublin in 1900 and the trilogy, *Hail and Farewell*, is the record, sometimes bitter, sometimes moving, often hilarious, of his experiences. Essentially it is the record of a disenchantment which mounted year by year until in 1911 he returned to permanent exile in England.

His withdrawal was well-timed, for the first volume of the trilogy, *Ave*, was published that same year and it contained enough explosive material to make it highly desirable that he should observe the detonations from a safe distance. *A fortiori*, this was even truer of *Salve* and *Vale* which appeared in 1913 and 1914 respectively. The three volumes were afterwards republished in several editions, though for many years they have been hard to find and correspondingly expensive. It is therefore a great boon to have them now collected into one volume and furnished with excellent notes by a sympathetic and knowledgeable editor, Richard Cave. The book is still costly, but it is handsomely produced and in a type easier on the eyes than that of any of the previous editions I have handled. It is a pity, however, that the number of printers' errors should have been so abnormally large.

Moore's book is in no sense a history of the Irish renaissance. Intent upon registering mood and temperament, he flies by the nets of chronology and fact. Yet he is always dealing with serious matters, even when he is being most mischievous. For example, the campaign to revive the Irish language, though he extracts the maximum entertainment from it, was nevertheless an integral part of the new nationalism. And the dramatic movement, while it gave him the chance to make unmerciful fun of Yeats and Lady Gregory and Edward Martyn, did after all produce one unquestionable genius, Synge, and one major institution, the Abbey Theatre. Again, the role of the Church in Irish society lay at the very roots of the country's history, and though here too Moore was irrepressible, he wrote two other works during his Dublin decade—*The Untilled Field* and *The Lake*—which showed how tenderly he could handle Catholicism while never ceasing to believe, as he proclaimed, that "literature and dogma are incompatible".

At another level *Hail and Farewell* draws on two powerful currents of contemporary thought and feeling to achieve its most striking effects. One was the influence of Wagner which permeates the book and largely determines its structure. The other was the messianic tradition that overshadowed so much Irish writing of the period. Like others who wrote or contemplated "sacred books", Moore saw himself as the successor of Parnell, as the man destined to revivify the nation, not through political action, but by the purification of its soul. Moore is so often tongue-in-cheek that it never does to take him *au grand sérieux*, but there is no mistaking the climactic moment of the book when we reach it near the end of *Vale*. Moore is in the little garden (now, alas, engulfed in the ever-advancing tide of concrete) opposite his house in Ely Place when he experiences his epiphany:

> the Boer War had turned my love of England to hatred of England, and a voice heard on three different occasions had bidden me pack my portmanteau and return to Ireland. The voice was one that had to be obeyed, but Ireland had not listened to me and until now it seemed that I had misread the signs. But Nature is not a humorist. She intended to redeem Ireland from Catholicism and has chosen me as her instrument; and has cast chastity upon me so that I may do her work, I said. As soon as my change of life becomes known the women of Ireland will come to me crying, Master, speak to us, for, at the bidding of our magicians, we have borne children long enough. May we escape from the burden of childrearing without sin? they will ask me and I will answer them: Ireland has lain too long under the spell of the magicians, without will, without intellect, useless and shameful, the despised of nations. I have come into the most impersonal country of the world to preach personality—personal love and personal religion, personal art, personality for all except God; and I walked across the greensward afraid to leave the garden, and to heighten my inspiration I looked toward the old apple-tree, remembering that many had striven to draw forth the sword that Wotan had struck into the tree about which Hunding had built his hut. Parnell, like Sigmund, had drawn it forth, but Wotan had allowed Hunding to strike him with his spear. And the allegory becoming clearer, I asked myself if I were Siegfried, son of Sigmund slain by Hunding, and if it were my fate to reforge the sword that lay broken in halves in Mime's cave;

George Moore in a Paris café; a drawing by Manet done in 1878.

> It seemed to me that the garden filled with tremendous music, out of which came a phrase glittering like a sword suddenly drawn from its sheath and raised defiantly to the sun.

Yet if the hero's leitmotiv from *The Ring* marks the climactic moment, so much else has gone before that one despairs of encompassing the book in any single generalization. Its underlying theme, no doubt, is Moore's hatred of Catholicism, and the last volume is clouded by the irreconcilable quarrel with his brother, Colonel Maurice Moore, which this hatred has provoked. However, in his war against the Church, as in his throwing over of both the theatre and the Gaelic revival, Moore could not restrain either his English imagination or his desire to shock, even if he had to make a carefully calculated exhibition of himself in order to do so:

> To be ridiculous has always been *ma petite luxe*. But can any one be said to be ridiculous if he knows that he is ridiculous? Not very well. It is the pompous that are truly ridiculous.

"The reviewers", he wrote after the publication of *Ave*, "look upon my book as a book of reminiscences, whereas I took so much material and moulded it as if I were writing a novel, and the people in my book are not personalities but human types. Edward Martyn, for instance, is as typical of Ireland as anything can be; he seems to reflect the Irish landscape, the Catholic landscape, and as a figure in literary fop one could not find a more perfect model than Yeats. And [T. P.] Gill is a fine example of the posthumous intelligence, the disembodied Intelligence."

It is in the end, I think, the gallery of portraits—which in fact are not just human types but intensely individual realizations—by which *Hail and Farewell* will best be remembered. Not all the portraits are malicious, and of those that are, not all are intended to be wholly uncomplimentary. Yeats, for example, is roughly handled over and over again. We hear of his cook-like walk and of the melancholy cave in his hat. We see him sunning himself on the hedgerows while Lady Gregory plunges incrapably into fetid cottages in search of the pure milk of folklore. We listen with awe to Lady Gregory's instructions that the poet be fed with nourishing liquids at two-hour intervals to sustain him in the act of composition. And there are memorable pictures of Yeats contemplating the swans at Coole, "looking himself in his old cloak like a huge umbrella left behind by some picnic party", or, much later, of him newly returned from America "with a paunch, a huge stride and an immense fur overcoat", standing up "to thunder like Ben Tillett against the middle classes" for not supporting Hugh Lane's exhibition of Impressionist pictures. Best of all, perhaps, is the glimpse we are given of Yeats and Moore locked in combat while writing their play on the legend of Diarmuid and Grania, on the basis that Moore should write the play in French, Lady Gregory translate it into English, Taidgh O'Donoghue render it into Irish, and Lady Gregory translate it back into English, after which Yeats was to "put style upon it". Moore actually did write a scene in French and published in *Ave*, if only to prove, he said, that "two such literary lunatics as Yeats and myself existed contemporaneously".

Some, including the late T. R. Henn, have found this verbal horseplay deplorable, the more so as it led Yeats to retaliate with equal zest in *Dramatis Personae*, but it should not be taken at its face value. What comes through repeatedly is that however much he might gibe at Yeats, Moore, as a professional himself, respected the other man's professionalism, as he respected also the professionalism of Synge. Nor was he incapable of personal affection—moderate for John Eglinton, excessive for AE, and intermittent for his cousin Edward Martyn who, however, triumphs in the end, for if Moore is the anti-hero of his own book, Martyn comes nearer than anyone else to being its hero.

Moore's cruellest barbs are reserved for those whom he regards as arrogant or as second-rate and pretentious. Lady Gregory is a lonely occupant of the first category, but there are many in the second. One such was Douglas Hyde, the first president of the Gaelic League. Moore found him repellent, with his effusive commonplaces, his vague laugh, his "great yellow skull" and the Irish language frothing like porter through his drooping black moustache. Two others, immortally linked as the Irish "Bouvard and Pecuchet", were Sir Horace Plunkett and T. P. Gill, whose labours in the newly established Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction Moore triumphantly likens to the antics of Flaubert's two clerks dissipating a legacy in grotesque and unsuccessful experiments. I fancy Moore himself thought this the funniest of all his episodes and, if so, he was probably right. But the joke is a savage one, for with that terrible eye of his he had seen the potential of Gill, for all his dexterity, was an intellectual lightweight and that Plunkett, though an admirable public servant, was, with his droning monologues about the, er, economic man in his, er, uneconomic holding, and the, er, uneconomic men in his, er, economic holding, a crashing private bore.

The cumulative effect of all these portraits is oddly contradictory. On the one hand, they convey a sense of intense and varied life. On the other hand, they carry darker undertones of that paralysis which Joyce was beginning to explore as *Hail and Farewell* was being written. Can both these impressions be correct? The answer must be that, Dublin being Dublin, both are indeed correct. It is broadly true that during that extraordinary decade before the revolutionary gale began to blow through Ireland, the literary and artistic life of the city reached its apogee. But it is also true that this life rested on insecure foundations, since it was, not wholly but in large measure, divorced from the major political issues which, in eclipse for twenty years after Parnell's death, were shortly to re-emerge in all their lethal complexity.

Behind those major political issues was that melancholy which pervades so much of *Hail and Farewell*, and which Moore knew so well how to evoke, whether in landscape, portraiture or narrative. For him this melancholy was, or became, synonymous with Catholicism. Every race has its own special genius for sin, he makes one of his characters say in *The Untilled Field*. "The Irish had, and, alas, they still have their special genius—celibacy! There is as little free love in Ireland as there is free thought. Men however, triumphs in the end, for if Moore is the anti-hero of his own book, Martyn comes nearer than anyone else to being its hero.

> Moore's cruellest barbs are reserved for those whom he regards as arrogant or as second-rate and pretentious. Lady Gregory is a lonely occupant of the first category, but there are many in the second. One such was Douglas Hyde, the first president of the Gaelic League. Moore found him repellent, with his effusive commonplaces, his vague laugh, his "great yellow skull" and the Irish language frothing like porter through his drooping black moustache. Two others, immortally linked as the Irish "Bouvard and Pecuchet", were Sir Horace Plunkett and T. P. Gill, whose labours in the newly established Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction Moore triumphantly likens to the antics of Flaubert's two clerks dissipating a legacy in grotesque and unsuccessful experiments. I fancy Moore himself thought this the funniest of all his episodes and, if so, he was probably right. But the joke is a savage one, for with that terrible eye of his he had seen the potential of Gill, for all his dexterity, was an intellectual lightweight and that Plunkett, though an admirable public servant, was, with his droning monologues about the, er, economic man in his, er, uneconomic holding, and the, er, uneconomic men in his, er, economic holding, a crashing private bore.
>
> The cumulative effect of all these portraits is oddly contradictory. On the one hand, they convey a sense of intense and varied life. On the other hand, they carry darker undertones of that paralysis which Joyce was beginning to explore as *Hail and Farewell* was being written. Can both these impressions be correct? The answer must be that, Dublin being Dublin, both are indeed correct. It is broadly true that during that extraordinary decade before the revolutionary gale began to blow through Ireland, the literary and artistic life of the city reached its apogee. But it is also true that this life rested on insecure foundations, since it was, not wholly but in large measure, divorced from the major political issues which, in eclipse for twenty years after Parnell's death, were shortly to re-emerge in all their lethal complexity.
>
> Behind those major political issues was that melancholy which pervades so much of *Hail and Farewell*, and which Moore knew so well how to evoke, whether in landscape, portraiture or narrative. For him this melancholy was, or became, synonymous with Catholicism. Every race has its own special genius for sin, he makes one of his characters say in *The Untilled Field*. "The Irish had, and, alas, they still have their special genius—celibacy! There is as little free love in Ireland as there is free thought. Men however, triumphs in the end, for if Moore is the anti-hero of his own book, Martyn comes nearer than anyone else to being its hero.
>
> Nothing thrives in Ireland but the celibate, the priest, the nun and the ox." And he ends his trilogy with this reflection:
>
> > Some extraordinary curse seems to have been laid upon this land in the tenth century or about that time. . . . Up to the tenth century it looked as if God intended to do something for Ireland, and in the tenth or eleventh century he changed his mind, and ever since then the curse seems to have been deepening. . . . Another fifty years Ireland will be as it was in the civilization of the eighteenth century and will be a swamp of peasants with a priest here and there, the exaltation of sacraments and whisky her lot, and a hundred legislators united only in protecting monkeries and nunneries from secular inquisition.
>
> The fifty years have come and gone and the Church might now smile wanly at a-forecast so ludicrously wide of the mark where it is concerned. The swamp of peasants, too, are faring better than Moore expected, though to balance the picture it must in fairness be added that the property "developers" are certainly doing their best to eliminate the eighteenth century. Yet although Moore may have got the details of his prophecy wrong, the endemic melancholy still prevails, fed by economic depression and political instability beyond his worst imaginings. Would he be glad or sorry now, one wonders? We shall never know, but we may suspect that in whatever Wagnerian-cum-Impressionist Valhalla he occupies he may perhaps be enjoying that last laugh to which in life he was so much addicted.

Netting the fin

By C. B. Cox

VIRGINIA WOOLF:
The Waves
The Two Holograph Drafts
Transcribed and Edited by J. W. Graham.
841pp. Hogarth Press. £20.

Virginia Woolf described *The Waves* as a "playpoem". She was conscious of the hazards of poetic fiction, the dangers of uncontrolled fantasy, and wanted to minimize these by assimilating to prose fiction the structural tightness and compression of drama.

The original impulse to compose this novel came from a kind of visionary experience, most easily conveyed by poetic images than by rational description. In her diary she talks of a vision at Rodmell in 1926 of a fin passing far out in a waste of waters. She wanted by her art to "net" this fin, to grasp something frightening, exciting, vital in the universe, something separate from her own gloom and depression.

The poetry of *The Waves* was intended to express an all-inclusive moment, something abstract and impersonal. Poetry, she thought, stood back from life, seeing people as groups, as outlines, so that they became at once memorable and full of beauty. In the novel Rhoda longs for a dream world of faceless statues seen in outline. To avoid shapelessness she must "mould blocks" of meaning in terms of dramatic contrasts. Human beings would be seen in relation to love or death or nature rather than to each other, and the central dramatic tension would be between life and death.

None of her works was as longthily and carefully meditated upon as this novel. She rewrote it several times, and in each case was exploring further into her original "playpoem" concept. The novel is an outstandingly original document of modernism, and it is therefore fascinating to read the two holograph drafts now transcribed and edited by J. W. Graham. He provides an admirable introduction, in which he examines the relation of the novel to her critical writings of the same period, and to her developing ideas of form.

The manuscript transcribed for this edition consists of seven bound manuscript books containing two holograph drafts of the complete book; a small loose-leaf notebook containing holograph notes, plans and fragments relevant to the second draft, and two holograph pages found in the Monk's House papers, on the first of which is written an early sketch of the novel, and on the second, notes for revising the interludes in the final typescript.

There were several typed drafts as well, which apparently have been destroyed. This is a disappointment. After the second holograph draft had been typed, Virginia Woolf retyped the entire book, making further alterations, and this process of correction continued both when the third typescript was retyped professionally and on the proofs. As all these are lost, we cannot follow passages from the first draft through all the corrections to the final published book.

Mr Graham argues persuasively that, with some exceptions, the revisions on the typescripts were not large scale. The primary act of artistic creation took place in the longhand versions, and this makes these two holograph drafts of great interest.

Mr Graham considered the possibility of collating the two drafts, but found this unworkable. Virginia Woolf habitually revised by rewriting whole sentences, paragraphs and even episodes. Each holograph is therefore printed separately, with footnotes drawing attention to cross-references.

The task of comparing the different versions is considerable, and presumably future articles and books will come forward with new ideas about the highly unusual form of this novel. Particularly interesting is the conclusion. It could be argued that *The Waves* lacks passion, that the writing is too mannered and selfconscious. Mr Graham tells us that the concluding pages of the second draft were written quickly, and are particularly difficult to decipher. This section has an immediacy of effect, an exploratory tentativeness lacking in the final version. It is set out almost like a piece of verse:

> Dawn is some sort of/whitening
> of the sky. Some sort of/renewal.
> Another day; another/turn of the shuttle; another general/wakening. The stars draw back again one/by one. The film of mist thickens. A/redness is on some rose—some old/wood fire seems to be kindled./Cottagers light their candles.

In the published book this becomes:

> Dawn is some sort of whitening of the sky; some sort of renewal. Another day; another Friday; another twentieth of March, January or September. Another general awakening. The stars draw back and are extinguished. The bars deepen themselves between the waves. The film of mist thickens on the fields. A redness gathers on the roses, even on the pale rose that hangs by the bedroom window. A bird chirps. Cottagers light their early candles.

This is heavier and more explicit than the earlier draft. The drafts, with their many revisions, seem at times more effective as a modernist document than the more carefully organized sentences of the final version. Now we possess these two holographs, *The Waves* becomes a triple-headed creature, each with its own blemishes, originality and special grace.

The intrepid feminist

By James McFarlane

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT:
Letters Written during a short residence in Sweden, Norway and Denmark
Edited by Carol H. Posten.
200pp. University of Nebraska Press. £3.50.

How else but as "Intrepid" to characterize the journey undertaken in the summer of 1795 by a young woman, accompanied only by her infant daughter and her French maid, to one of Europe's remoter regions? Eleven weary days out from Hull across the North Sea, she still did not know where wind and weather would eventually set her ashore; at Arendal in Norway, at Gothenburg in Sweden, or at Elsinore in Denmark. Yet the intrepidity of Mary Wollstonecraft the voyager was small by comparison with that of the chronicler who, in total ignorance of the countries through which she passed, was nevertheless ready at all times to venture the most audacious generalizations on what she only half-understood and in many cases could only imperfectly record. Within hours of stepping ashore to what she admits was an impressively spontaneous "alacrity of hospitality" from somebody completely unprepared for her appearance, at his house on a nearly deserted spot on the Swedish coast she had firmly decided both that brandy was "the bane of the country" and that "the necessity of *perquisites*" was "a narrow policy running through every thing" in Swedish life.

With details which could be taken in by the eye alone, Mary often showed herself to be an acute and precise observer: of the quality of the Northern summer's night, or the food served at table, or the road conditions, or the spectacle of Copenhagen seen shortly after the fire of 1795. At the same time she often betrays herself as a highly self-conscious observer, with a fair conceit as to her ability, and a susceptibility to flattery on this score. Her pleasure on the first evening at the comments of her host (who happily could speak English) has overtones unexpected in a feminist of Mary's depth of conviction: "At supper my host told me bluntly that I was a woman of observation, for I asked *men's questions*." Each random detail is taken up and actualized to see if it will serve as an index of some larger verity: "As nothing passed at this supper to characterize the country", she records at the end of her second day in Sweden, "I shall here close my letter." Within a couple of days of her arrival, and having travelled the twenty-odd mile journey to Gothenburg, she is ready to pronounce: "It is true I have only had a glance over a small part of Sweden; but specimens of its present state of manners and acquirements I think I have formed a distinct idea. . . ."

Her reliability as a witness is undermined by the frequency with which she (or her transcribing compositor) gets wrong details which could have been verified quite simply: "Thordhiem" for "Trondheim"; "Russoor" for "Rüsör"; "Itzchol" for "Itzehoe". There is a measure of geographical uncertainty: from Tonsberg she announces that in a few days she is to "set out for the western part of Norway", by which it turns out she means the coast between Larvik and Risor, whereafter she feels fully competent to make an evaluating comparison between "the inhabitants of the western coast", i.e. the Skagerrak, and those of "the east", i.e. the Christiania (Oslo) Fjord.

The consequence is that the true fascination of these *Letters*, despite their pretensions to objectivity, lies more in what they involuntarily betray of their author than in what they historically record. Her own prose, like the morning sky she describes, shades quickly to purple.

> The grey morn, streaked with silvery rays, ushered in the orient beams—how beautifully varying into purple!—yet I was sorry to lose the soft watry clouds which preceded them, exciting a kind of expectation that made me almost afraid to breathe, lest I should break the charm. I saw the sun—and sighed.

Disarmingly yet revealingly, she follows a sustained tirade against the Danes for their "sluggish concentration in themselves", against Danish businessmen for being "domestic tyrants, coldly immersed in their own affairs", against Danish women for their total ignorance, "without accomplishments, or any of the charms that adorn more advanced social life", and against their children as "spoilt . . . left to the care of weak, indulgent mothers", with a quiet-voiced admission: "I am perhaps a little prejudiced . . . for I have been tormented today by the presence of unruly children. . . ."

A brief but informative introduction by the editor sets the biographical context within which these letters take their place; by contrast, the footnotes are of dubious utility. Much supercogatory comment is offered; much of scholarly importance is ignored. What kind of reader is it, for example, who is thought to need a solemn gloss on "birds of passage" as "those which migrate seasonally"? Or for whom a contemptuous reference to a group of Norwegian lawyers as "these locusts" is comprehensible only with the explanatory footnote "Persons of destructive tendencies"? Who requires "Shakespeare's magic island" to be identified as "probably the island in *The Tempest*. . . ."? Whereas what these notes do not attempt to do is (for example) to date, however tentatively, either the recorded events or the individual letters (except as belonging collectively to the period June to September, 1795), despite much helpful internal evidence, including the occasional firm date; "I left Tonsberg yesterday, the 22d of August" (letter No 13). Or identify the big house and estate near Tonsberg (Jarlsberg, Hovedgaard?), described in some detail in letter No 9? Or name the family of iron-masters at Larvik (Treschow-Fritse?) who are the subject of Mary's comments in letter No 10? And much more besides. Good though it is to have these letters, in a new edition, they deserve more rigorous editorial treatment than they receive here.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson

February Books

How It Was
MARY WELSH HEMINGWAY
The moving autobiography of Ernest Hemingway's widow. £6.95

Presumptuous Girls
Women and their world in the serious woman's novel
ANTHEA ZEMAN
Women—and the problems they face—are seen through the eyes of women novelists from Fanny Burney to Margaret Drabble. £5.25

Early Victorian Government 1830-1870
OLIVER MACDONAGH
An acute study of the formative stage of the modern state in England. *Hardback £6.95 Paper £3.75*

The Marquis de Sade
DONALD THOMAS
A brilliantly researched analysis of de Sade and his influence on later writers and artists. £5.95

Sarah Bernhardt and Her World
JOANNA RICHARDSON
A superbly illustrated biography. £6.00

The Imperial Shah
GERARD DE VILLIERS
Translated by June P. Wilson and Walter B. Michaels
An authoritative portrait of the all-powerful Shah of Iran. £6.00

The Cleveland Street Affair
LEWIS CHESTER, DAVID LEITCH & COLIN SIMPSON
An investigation into the greatest royal sexual scandal of Queen Victoria's reign. £5.95

Baroque and Rococo Art
ERICH HUBALA
Professor of Art History and Director of the Art Museum, University of Kiel
Professor Hubala explores the inspiration and impact of these complex and rich styles. *Universal History of Art Series. £4.25*

Avalanche
JOHN WINGATE
A taut and masterly thriller set in Austria, London and the Lebanon. £3.95

The heritage of Buda

By Michael Baxendall

JAN BIALOSTOCKI :
The Art of the Renaissance in Eastern Europe
312pp. Oxford : Phaidon. £12.50.

Between, say, the accession of Matthias Corvinus to the throne of Hungary in 1458 and Rudolf II's Mannerist regime in Prague at the beginning of the seventeenth century quite a lot of building was done in eastern Europe in versions of the Italo-Roman Renaissance style. Cracow is still one of the great Renaissance cities of Europe, above all for the Wawel. Prague has quite as fine and about as many Renaissance buildings, though they are more dispersed through a predominantly Gothic and Baroque ambience. But for the Turks, Buda would make a third : the loss of the palace of Matthias Corvinus at Buda is the worst of all the losses of Renaissance art in eastern Europe. There were other Corvinian enterprises in Hungary, there still are many Italianizing palaces in Bohemia and Poland and much else, including a range of grand tomb complexes and chapels, particularly in the area round Cracow. Seen from the west it has all been a little baffling because the loss of the first Hungarian phase sets great technical problems of reconstruction, the later work has obvious idiosyncrasies for which one lacks a sense of context, and the literature has been a fragmented and specialist one, mainly in languages one does not read. Jan Bialostocki's well-written and well-illustrated *The Art of the Renaissance in Eastern Europe* now offers a survey of the eastern episode taken as a whole.

In several ways it is very unlike the corresponding phases in Germany and the Netherlands. The Renaissance arts in the east are architecture and large-scale sculpture, typically of big tomb monuments for great persons ; painting and devotional sculpture stand rather outside and look not so much to Italy as to Germany. This discontinuity has something to do with another one, for in the east Italianate art was, from Matthias Corvinus's beginning almost to the end, the art of princes and magnates rather than of the town burghers ; there seems no real equivalent here for the bankers' and merchants' Renaissance that preceded the mid-sixteenth-century princes' Renaissance in Germany. There is no "Dürer period".

The burghers took from Germany and, along the Baltic littoral, from the Netherlands most of such building styles as were not from the local medieval traditions ; there are exceptions—notably Giovanni Battista Quadro's Town Hall of 1550-60 at Poznań—but these seem to be in circumstances where a special gesture of parity with the princely or independence from the German might be in place. Again, much more of the work was done by itinerant Italian architects and craftsmen not to be open, of the first rank, rather than the best of the local men applying themselves to the new styles. As Professor Bialostocki says, the eastern Renaissance is purer than the German or Netherlandish in the sense that it breaks the Italian norms less, but one has to say too that it is less assimilated ; it seems an imposed style, oddly detached from the indigenous vernacular culture, oddly without depth.

This is not to say that it lacks individuality when it does emerge from straight imitation of Italian models, but often its special character appears to come mainly from the adaptation of appliqué Renaissance ornament to underlying structures of an older and local pattern ; about these and the social life that went on in them, also the furniture and goldsmith's work that went with them, the book necessarily leaves one curious. The most obvious novelty this led to was the elaborate parapet screening pitched or sunk roofs with a horizontal zone of very free ornament, a sort of playful crenellation. It took the place of the great Italian cornice and offered the strong horizontal accent Bialostocki isolates as one of the Renaissance things the east most prized as modern, but it also complicated the skyline and loaded the uppermost register with a quite un-Italian top-heavy effect. Much of the exotic look of the eastern style comes from such inversion.

All this registers familiar political and social facts of eastern Europe in a fairly straightforward way, particularly the disjunction between the territorial princes and the Germanized commercial classes of the towns. And here one returns to Matthias Corvinus of Buda, the Italianate adventurer who started it all. Like the Jagiello kings at Cracow, Matthias was a patron of Italian literary humanism before Italian visual art : his humanist library was larger than that of any Italian prince. As Bialostocki insists, the humanism prepared the way for the art, but it did so surely not so much by transmitting the new visual sense and aesthetic as by communicating a generalized sense of neoclassical glamour and of a style of princely behaviour in which patronage of art could take on real political weight.

Matthias Corvinus certainly knew much about Italian centres where the technique of using progressive patronage as part of a campaign of legitimating dynasties with unstable bases of one kind or another was highly developed — Urbino, for instance, and particularly Naples, where his wife, Beatrice of Aragon, came from. Miklós Oláh, chancellor of Hungary, left a famous evocative description of Matthias, the man who pushed back the Turks with one hand and took Vienna and much else from the Habsburgs with the other, at his new summer residence of Visegrád, sitting in the sun in a *cortile* with a marble fountain carved with the Muses, eating, "receiving envoys and issuing his commands". Pope Sixtus IV's ambassador was bowled over by the effect, for one. Just as the Italian humanists who did best in the east were often untypically political animals — a good example, Filippo Buonaccorsi of S Gimignano and Cracow, has been the subject of an interesting book by Gioacchino Paparelli — so too Italian art has a distinctively political colour there.

The eastern Renaissance is interesting for itself but also because it throws such sharp comparative light on the way things went in the west. Not being able to read the languages excludes one from it less than it did a few years back. For Prague and Cracow there have been some good things to read in German and Italian for some time : Hungarian and Matthias Corvinus have been the main block. But last year, after Professor Bialostocki's bibliography must have gone to press, the University of Graz published in German Iolán Balogh's *Die Anfänge der Renaissance in Ungarn: Matthias Corvinus und die Kunst*, and through a cunning system of cross-references she enables one to use both the volume of plates and the volume of documentary sources of her monumental *A művészet Mátyás király udvarában* of 1966. With this, with the version of Csaba Csapodi's *The Corvinian Library* published in English by the Hungarian Academy of Sciences in 1973, and now with Bialostocki's valuable survey of what follows after Buda, there is not much excuse left for not knowing at least a little about it.

Portrait of Madame Moitessier by Ingres (detail), from the catalogue Paintings from the Samuel H. Kress Collection : European School excluding Italian *by Colin Eisler (639pp, 502 illustrations, 16 in colour. Oxford : Phaidon. £18). This picture, painted in 1851, is one of two portraits of Madame Moitessier by Ingres : the other is at present the "Picture in Focus" at the National Gallery (reviewed by Ann Brookner, TLS January 21).*

Stitchwork and status symbols

By Aileen Ribeiro

EDIT FÉL :
Peasant Embroidery on Linen and Hemp in Hungary
79pp. £1.30.

PETER KORNISS :
Heaven's Bridegroom
Hungarian Folk Customs
Unnumbered pages. Budapest : Corvina (British distributors : Clematis Press). £5.40.

Both these books have for us the fascination of looking at some of the social customs of a people not geographically all that far away, but recognizably different from us in their concepts of traditional peasant dress and decoration in a purely local style. One can read them on two levels ; they can be enjoyed aesthetically (the photographs are excellent) or for the embroiderer there is the inspiration of unfamiliar and attractive patterns.

Yet there is another level in which these books reveal a dimension of social history that is completely lacking in our society, which has never developed a "national" dress or a characteristic peasant applied art, and that is the way in which, until the fairly recent past in Hungary (and still continuing in some areas), status in the community was expressed in terms of dress and the decoration of the furnishings. This was not a class distinction in the way in which today in England class is expressed in the quality, and to some extent, the style, of the clothes worn, but a recognition that certain objectives in life's journey had been achieved, in the form of age, marriage, birth of children and so on—dress was a language through which a biography could be read.

Edit Fél is the author of a number of books on Hungarian peasant art (here the word peasant also includes the peasant burgher and the lesser noble) and her book forms an introduction to the subject of embroidery on linen and hemp in Hungary. There are about 30,000 examples of such embroideries in museums and other collections, most dating from the nineteenth century, and the late eighteenth century, when a growing national self-consciousness resulted in a flood of patterns. They are mainly sheets, towels, pillow-covers and tablecloths made by women to decorate their own homes ; from an early age the girls would start sewing and embroidering for their trousseau and house furnishings which formed part of their dowry, with the conviction that every item would have its place and time of wearing in the appointed rituals of village life, marriage, child bearing and death. Yet in spite of the functional nature of these furnishings, most of them were purely for display in the best room in the house and were rarely, if ever, used. They served to demonstrate wealth and status and, as the preface says, played a symbolic part in such intimate occasions as birth and death in the household and in the general religious festivals and the ancient pagan celebrations of midsummer and harvest-home. (One small criticism here is the lack of illustrations showing the furnishings.)

Part of the present-day appeal of the embroideries is the individuality of the designs ; each piece was made for one particular home and each village demonstrated its individuality in terms of motifs, stitches and decorative compositions. The earlier patterns, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are the most attractive, showing in their use of stylized animal and floral motifs and geometric forms links with the rest of Europe and with oriental design. The bulk of the examples shown, however, reflect the emphasis on the nineteenth century with brighter and in some cases rather coarser colour schemes. In the twentieth century the output decreases and declines in quality (stopping after the Second World War) although the causes for this decline, whether political, social or economic, are not being within the scope of the book, unexplained.

One of the main aims of the book is "to bring the reader closer to the processes of creation of at least some of the peasant embroideries" and this it achieves with the aid of photographs and diagrams which help to clarify the scholarly analysis of the techniques of stitches and the designs of the patterns. Limitations of space prevent Edit Fél from answering some of the questions which one asks after reading this book.

How far did the Turkish occupation affect the embroidery designs ? What sources, other than tradition, influenced the designs in the form of pattern books, and links with western European embroideries ? How far did the craftsmen embroidering the traditional men's clothes affect (and were affected by) the home-based linen embroideries ?

What is evident in both books under discussion is the strong consciousness of identity, the security of being an established part of a community, which is something we have lost, if indeed we ever had it to such an extent. A visible way of expressing this kind of social unity is through the use of localized forms of dress both for everyday wear and for special occasions. In *Heaven's Bridegroom*, a collection of photographs of Hungarian folk customs, by Péter Korniss, the unsentimental camera shows people performing their parts in the rituals of village life, the weddings and funerals, the grape harvest, the dancing and the festivals. His aim is to record the living communities which exist outside the bounds of "an artificially set up ethnographic idyll" to be found in the museums. The prevailing theme is the continuing strength of village traditions bound up in the religious festivals and other celebrations going back beyond the establishment of Christianity. How far these examples are representative of modern village life is hard to say, but it makes a most spectacular glimpse of the strong links of the communities with the past.

The title of the book is taken from a custom in Rimóc where they call a young boy who has died "heaven's bridegroom", and the funeral march is, like a wedding, accompanied by a band ; in a similar way we have seen, from Edit Fél's book, the young married women also accept death as a part of life and sew their funeral shrouds and furnishings. Rejoicings and funerals play an important part in the book's photographs, which are grouped into sections dealing with various kinds of folk customs ; a rather hysterical introduction (possibly the fault of the translation) precedes the photographs, which are explained at the back in a brief but informative text. There is, however, no map, which would have served to explain the distribution of the surviving customs.

In the same way that some Hungarian customs and festivals, such as weddings, have evolved by being together themes from different historical periods, so the dress has been created over a period of time (often from a combination of fashions) and modified by religious and secular sumptuary laws.

The golden age for peasant dress was the second half of the nineteenth century and in the series of photographs of the dressing of a young girl from Kazár in northern Hungary, one marvels at the complexity and richness of pattern ; every item of clothing has a particular meaning and the ritual significance of the performance is almost religious. Beside such lavish dress, that of the men looks drab ; men have always been more uniform in dress than women — they travel more and are less likely to be bound up in the intimate rituals of family life which are formalized in women's dress. Here they wear either the conventional formal suit, or breeches and sleeveless jacket ; the embroidered frieze and sometimes skin coats are not apparently worn. Yet on certain occasions they can be seen in grotesque padded costumes, animal skins and masks during the carnivals and masquerade processions which have their origin in pagan fertility rituals. Indeed many of the costumes worn today go back much further than the nineteenth century ; some of the carnival costumes made of strips of fabric relate to similar entertainments in sixteenth-century western Europe, and the white mourning worn in some parts of Hungary reminds us of Europe at least as recently as the sixteenth century.

Recent political history has helped to encourage an interest and pride in national dress and arts in the countries of east and central Europe, sometimes at the expense of isolating cultural history into too rigid national boundaries. Scholarly works analysing the components of local arts in such countries as Hungary are undoubtedly needed very much for what they reveal about different social systems, as for the beauty of the artifacts themselves (it is, incidentally, almost impossible in London to see much Hungarian applied art on display). Yet there is also a need for our greater comprehension of an unfamiliar country, to find words which reveal the development of peasant art in all its forms, placed in a firm historical context.

POSTAGE: INLAND 9P ABROAD 7P

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. PUBLISHED UP TO 17 TIMES A YEAR BY ART PERIODICALS, 30 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017.

The case of the pseudo-patient

By Stuart Sutherland

DAVID K. REYNOLDS and NORMAN L. FARBEROW :
Suicide : Inside and Out
226pp. University of California Press. £10.40.

From time to time discharged patients have published accounts of their experiences in mental hospitals, usually in fictional form. Today the psychiatrist faces a new occupational hazard : research workers and journalists are increasingly using their way into hospitals with the intention of writing up their experiences. It is high time that the World Health Organisation added the diagnostic category of "pseudo-patient" to its International Classification of Diseases. David Reynolds is one such pseudo-patient, and the most interesting section of *Suicide : Inside and Out* is the daily log he kept while in hospital.

He assumed the identity of David Kent, an imaginary person, who had had three years' service with the United States Navy and had never since drifted from one unsuccessful job to another. He rolled, or rather slouched, up to a Veterans' Administration hospital claiming that he had recently attempted suicide by bearing that his wife had left him for another man : he was duly admitted. So successful was his simulation of depression that he came to feel genuinely depressed himself, or so he claims. Indeed, the main purpose of his study was not so much to make objective observations of the routine of the hospital as to experience suicidal depression himself and to assay the effects of hospital procedure on real patients by using his own feelings as litmus paper : he dignifies this kind of study by the name of "experiential research". In a sentence that is almost as self-refuting as the paradox of the Cretan liar, he writes "the reality-grounded nature of experiential research yields a markedly readable output".

Perhaps the weakest part of Reynolds's log is his description of what it felt like to be David Kent. It is hard to credit the degree of depression he reports himself as experiencing. He attempted a pseudo-suicide while in hospital using a worn piece of rope found lying on the grass. He describes his feelings as he tied a noose thus :

> Joy ! Fear ! And the beginnings of a consuming anger that could emerge now that a mode of expressing it has been found. I would show them ! I sat in the chair in plain sight of my fellow patients and tied a hangman's knot in the rope. . . . My stomach felt empty, hollow and hot. . . . It was all decided now. No other alternative presented itself nor did I seek one.

He was, however, sufficiently in possession of his scientific persona to break the noose before putting it round his neck and reporting his failed attempt to the nearest nurse. Elsewhere in his log he describes how he became constipated and attributes this condition not to the hospital food or his sedentary existence but to "psychological holding back and holding in of depression".

None of this carries complete conviction and the reader is left with an uneasy feeling that the author was play-acting and knew all along that he was play-acting. But there is a more important weakness in the reports of his own feelings. Since he was pretending, surely the feelings he experienced would not be those of a genuinely depressed patient but those that he might expect such a patient to feel. He is aware of this possibility, but does not really meet it, despite his claim that some of his reactions surprised him. The main instance he cites is that he expected lack of privacy to strip him of his personality and hence to make him feel more suicidal than ever, but it did not. While he was simulating extreme depression he hardly noticed the lack of privacy : it was only when he began to "recover" that it obtruded and then it made him more cross than depressed. The anguish of real depression, as reported in the accounts of genuine patients, is very different from anything reported by Dr Reynolds.

The primary aim of the research was to investigate the factors that lead patients to commit suicide when in hospital. To VA hospitals those thought to be at risk are placed on "Suicide Observation Status" and are closely watched by nurses and nursing assistants throughout the day and night : the procedures to be followed in the case of such patients are set out in a 2,000-word bulletin and include instructions to watch the patient's feet through the gap at the bottom of the lavatory door.

As long as the patient's toes are facing you, or his heels, he's probably using the commode for the intended purpose ; but if the sole of his shoe is showing, then investigate for the possibility that he may be trying to drown himself in the commode.

Despite the explicit nature of such instructions, which are a long way removed from one nurse saying to another "Keep an eye on David tonight will you—he looks as though he might be planning to do himself in", Reynolds found that opportunities for suicide were not lacking : apart from finding the handy piece of rope, he had success to razors when the nurses' backs were turned and could easily have jumped in front of a moving car. He concludes that the main virtue of suicide observation status is less that it removes the means for suicide than that it forces nurses to have sustained contacts with patients, thus "establishing life sustaining social relationships". He notes that such relationships increase the patient's self-esteem and also observes that he would have felt reluctant to commit suicide during a shift when a nurse he liked was on duty for four of letting down the nurse.

His remaining findings on suicide are both more banal and more suspect. He argues that suicide is attempted out of hopelessness, but this conclusion hardly seems to follow from his own experiences : many patients must surely be driven to suicide to eliminate their anguish and others from anger—indeed David Kent himself seems to have made his attempt more in anger than in sorrow.

Most of the observations made by Reynolds have less to do with suicide *per se* than with the general effects of a stay in a psychiatric ward. I was myself privileged for a few six weeks as a genuinely depressed patient in one of the most enlightened mental hospitals in Britain : his own hospital was clearly one of the worst run in the United States, and despite the differences in locality most of the difficulties we noted are similar. Perhaps because he was not depressed himself, Reynolds seems to underestimate the impact of many of the hospital's failings on patients ; whereas in general they made him angry, they make many real patients more anxious and more depressed than ever. Unfortunately, presenting material in the form of a log tends to fragment it, and Reynolds does not provide an adequate summary of his conclusions. It may be worth attempting one here while comparing his experiences with some of my own.

First, he was surprised and dismayed by the boredom of life in a mental hospital. In my own case, the boredom was as much a function of my illness as of the hospital, since unlike Dr Reynolds I was too preoccupied by my own painful thoughts to read or to watch television. Like him, I looked forward with unusual eagerness to mealtimes as events that broke the monotony of the day. I concur with his conclusion that it would be better for patients if the organized activities of the hospital, including appointments with therapists and doctors, could be extended into the late afternoon and evening, a time when many patients can find nothing to do but brood upon their miseries.

Second, he was dismayed by examples of inefficiency in the hospital. As in my own case, there were muddles about the drugs he was supposed to be taking ; such muddles are of course much more worrying for the genuine patient who may think his future depends on taking the right drugs than for Dr Reynolds who was pouching them in his cheek until he could find an opportunity to spit them out. He was several times promised appointments that never materialized, and again such failures are very much more upsetting for the real patient who develops an unrealistic faith in and genuine dependence on doctors and therapists. Such dependence is surely a very characteristic feature of mental illness and it is a little surprising that Reynolds failed to notice it in his fellow patients if not in himself. Faith in one's therapist is known to bring therapeutic benefit and it is hence all the more important that such trust should not be destroyed by the casual breaking of appointments. Not only were appointments not kept, but two different ones were sometimes made at the same time so that he could not attend both. Perhaps, however, the most dramatic and inexplicable example of inefficiency is that his suicide attempt was not reported in his case notes.

Third, Reynolds notes that patients were given far too little information, even about routine matters. He never discovered exactly how to apply for additional privileges or even what these privileges might be. Some of the voluntary patients on his ward seem to have been unaware that they could if they wished insist on being discharged. It took me three weeks to discover how to obtain clean sheets, and much more important, I had not appreciated before entering hospital how rarely I would in fact see the consultant upon whose wisdom I had relied in deciding to admit myself. Psychiatrists often preach to physicians the importance of giving the patient detailed information but they rarely abide sufficiently by this precept themselves.

Fourth, Reynolds repeatedly stresses the beneficial effects of warmth and concern shown by nurses. His chance encounter with a Filipino woman nurse who took his arm and walked along with him chatting parallels my own with a male night-nurse who as a real oldtimer was able to transmit to me some of his own courage and determination. Although Dr Reynolds, in the persona of David Kent, was upset by evidence of lack of concern from nurses and nursing assistants, he does not seem to have encountered the dehumanizing effects of being treated as mad to the same extent as the patients on my ward. Except possibly in the extremities of psychosis, much of what mental patients say is perfectly rational, and to have a genuine complaint about being given the wrong drugs put down to paranoia is upsetting and dehumanizing. As a fellow patient who had spent two years in Dartmoor put it to me: "I'd rather spend a year in prison than a week in this hospital : at least you can get at the screws there ; here there's no one to get at."

Fifth, Dr Reynolds was justifiably irritated by the artificial and doctrinaire nature of some of the psychotherapy he received. He gives a splendid example of psychoanalytic idiocy from a psychodrama session. A patient had been badgered over the telephone by his ex-wife to buy more furniture for her house ; he was asked to re-enact the telephone call in front of other patients whose comments were invited. A young black patient asked sensibly enough whether he could afford to buy the furniture. To which question the psychiatrist replied with scorn that "reality problems" were of no interest : "We aren't concerned with that here but with emotional problems that usually have their roots in early childhood."

There were more therapists than patients in the psychodrama group and they enjoyed it even if the patients did not. They congratulated one another on their own "insightful" comments and smiled and nodded when a patient said "Shit !" thinking they were reaching the appropriate expression of emotion ; they, not the patients, defined what was appropriate. Fortunately, psychoanalysis has had less effect on the practice of psychiatry in Britain than in America and psychotherapists in British hospitals are correspondingly less arrogant and doctrinaire. Reynolds was angered by this form of psychotherapy : had he been a genuine patient, he would more probably have been made ill by it. When, outside hospital I fell into the hands of analysts, I was desperately upset by the thought that I could never become the sort of person they told me I ought to be.

Finally, Reynolds notes that insufficient aftercare facilities were available : he was discharged and given a telephone number to ring if he found himself in difficulties and that was that. In view of the amount written on the importance of aftercare, this seems a strange failing on the part of the hospital, but Reynolds suspects it was doubtless to carelessness than to the problem of who would pay the bill. My own hospital meticulously followed up all patients.

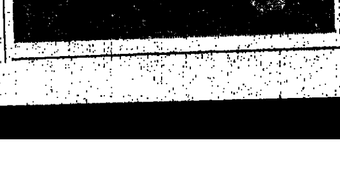
Both the hospital that Reynolds entered and my own were excellent institutions of their kind. None of their failings originated from viciousness or malice. It is a pity that no pseudo-patient has had the temerity to have himself admitted to a really bad mental hospital of which there are many both in Britain and America. In such institutions patients are regimented, bullied and occasionally robbed or physically maltreated : ECT may be used as a punishment, and the threat of loss of privileges is used to make a patient behave in ways convenient for the staff. I recently came across an instance of such malpractices at a reputable provincial hospital in Britain. A voluntary patient sought to discharge himself and was told that he was free to do so but if he did he would find himself back inside on a compulsory order within twenty-four hours, and would be much worse off since he would be kept on a locked ward and lose all his privileges.

In terms of alleviating the misery of patients, it is perhaps more important to do something about conditions in the worst mental hospitals rather than in the enlightened institutes of the sort Reynolds and I attended. Nevertheless, one can ask why even good hospitals continue to display the failings we both noticed. Some, if not most, of the deficiencies are in fact due to shortage of resources. Despite the demands made by psychiatric patients on staff time, there are in Britain three times as many consultants and twice as many nurses per patient in hospitals for physical illness as in psychiatric hospitals. Psychiatrists and nurses can only get to know their patients at a human level if they have time to do so and arrangements for occupying patients throughout the day can only be made if more money is available.

Most of the failings are common to all human institutions, but when they occur in mental hospitals their effects may be magnified because the patients are unusually sensitive and cannot defend themselves. Psychiatrists and mental nurses are no different from the rest of humanity : they are likely to dislike exasperation or lack of warmth as much as anyone else and there is no reason why they should be expected to be more efficient. When all this is said, however, it can do no harm to remind those who work in mental hospitals of the ideals they should be pursuing even if through human imperfection they can never hope wholly to achieve them.

It is, therefore, undoubtedly important both to make unbiased observations of what occurs in mental hospitals and to discover from patients how they feel about their experiences. The value of experiential research as practised by Reynolds remains more questionable : it is neither one thing nor the other. The book contains a review of previous experiential research, but curiously omits mention of the founder of the method, Sir Francis Galton. Galton claims to have succeeded in becoming paranoic and writes of every bone seemed to be watching me either with pricked ears or disguising its espionage". He also set out to gain insight into religious experience by himself worshipping a comic picture of Punch and acquired "a large share of the feelings that a barbarian entertains towards his idol". Galton's account of his various patients are regimented, bullied and occasionally robbed or physically maltreated : ECT may be used as a punishment, and the threat of loss of privileges is used to make a patient behave in ways

BRITISH IMAGE 2
Arts Council of Great Britain



Robert Wilson's 3 x 5 in. record sleeves are one of the many periodical publications funded by the Arts Council of Great Britain. The portfolio will appear twice each year to distribute the work of contemporary photographers who have won recognition. A completed portfolio supported by Arts Council Photography Awards. Each photographer has twelve to sixteen pages to present a representative selection of intentions and interests. The photographs have been reproduced by the duotone process of lithography by the Rapoport Printing Corporation of New York.

The six portfolios included in the second series are :
Ian Berry : England 1976
Chris Killip : Northern England
Josef Koudelka : Gypsies in the British Isles
Markéta Luskačová : Street Markets of London
Dennis Morris : Asians in Southall
Patrick Ward : Games People Play

98 pages 8¾" x 9¾", paperbound, 70 reproductions
Price: £3.00 plus 30p postage and packing, overseas 50p
ISBN 0 7287 0093 X
Distributed by Gordon Fraser Gallery Road, London
Individual copies or regular orders may be obtained from the Publications Officer, Arts Council of Great Britain, 105 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AU.

The biologist as husbandman

By David Snow

ALEC NISBETT :
Konrad Lorenz
240pp. Dent. £5.95.

Ethology, the scientific study of animal behaviour, received its official accolade in 1973, when Konrad Lorenz, Niko Tinbergen and Karl von Frisch, the three outstanding pioneers of the science, were jointly awarded a Nobel Prize. The award at the same time recognized the direct relevance of ethology to man, since their prize was for medicine—Nobel had made no provision for any form of pure biology. Few biologists doubted that the awards were richly deserved. For all three recipients, it was the culmination of a lifetime's work, during which they had founded what was virtually a new branch of biology ; whereas a single discovery by a comparatively young chemist or physicist has often won a prize.

I greatly enjoyed Alec Nisbett's account of the life and work of Konrad Lorenz, the dominant member of the trio and the one best known to the public at large. About twenty-five years ago, shading a flat as a postgraduate student at Oxford with two of Tinbergen's students, I helped to entertain Lorenz to supper during an ethological conference.

In fact we were entertained in all but the food and drink. It was then, and remained, very much on the fringe of the ethological world, but close enough to know many of the active research workers and to be familiar with the main lines of their research. I mention this personal detail mainly to justify my stating straight away that this is an excellent and authentic account in all ways. It introduces the reader not only to Lorenz the man but also to the development of modern ethology and to some of the leading figures in it. It deals with Lorenz's ideas as fully as it does with the events of his life, which is as it should be since each can be properly understood only in the context of the other.

Julian Huxley described Lorenz as "the father of modern ethology. There were, of course, forerunners"; Huxley himself was one. Oscar Heinroth in Germany and C. O. Whitman in America had made original and objective studies of animal behaviour that showed the way. And if Tinbergen had not been a few years younger than Lorenz the title might equally well have been his.

But in fact it fits Lorenz best. From his observations of jackdaws in his native village in Austria, and later geese, fishes and other creatures sharing his house and garden or living in semi-liberty round the institutes that he directed, he published a series of papers in the 1920s and 1930s that first made biologists widely aware that animal behaviour is a science in its own right, and that the insights gained by critical observation may be every bit as significant as those derived from a study of anatomy.

These seminal publications—unfortunately for English-speaking biologists all in German, not easy reading even for Germans, and mostly long—argued that every species of animal possesses a unique equipment of "innate action patterns" comparable to its physical organs ; that these are, as it were, triggered off by "innate releasing mechanisms" which operate in appropriate circumstances and so result in biologically adaptive behaviour ; and that the evolution of these mechanisms of behaviour can be traced by comparing related species. He suggested, by analogy with a simple physical system (his "hydraulic" model), that each fixed action pattern is powered, as it were, by an internal "drive", as by a head of water, which tends to build up with time, and that when the pressure is high the action may, in the absence of the right releasing mechanism, be triggered off by an inappropriate stimulus or may even go off *in vacuo*. These and other concepts, of which some now seem naive and most have been much modified, had at the time a tremendous value in stimulating research, since they were the first attempt to construct a coherent and logically satisfying framework for the study of instinctive behaviour. They raised further questions, and suggested experiments.

Although in these early studies he was mainly concerned with instinctive, or unlearnt, behaviour, Lorenz made one very significant advance in the study of learning by his discovery of the very rapid and largely irreversible kind of learning now known as "imprinting". The classic case of imprinting is the newly hatched gosling that follows the first moving object it sees and thereafter reacts to it as if it were its mother, whatever it may actually be. In this way goslings can be very easily imprinted on man ; hence the now familiar picture of Lorenz being followed on his morning walk by a faithful gaggle. Inevitably, further research has shown that imprinting is a more complex process than Lorenz at first supposed ; but that it occurs and is for many species an important means of adjusting the young to their living environment is no longer in doubt.

Mr Nisbett devoted a good deal of space to the aspects of Lorenz's work that have provoked public controversy. Lorenz's emphasis has always been on the innate components of behaviour, while a very different school, the "behaviourists", have emphasized the role of the environment and of conditioning and learning processes.

No biologist now seriously doubts that any behaviour manifested by an animal is a product of both its inheritance and its environment, though the relative importance of the two may be debatable and indeed obviously differs for different behaviours. Unfortunately these two essential and complementary components of behaviour have been increasingly identified with two conflicting political views. Those who argue strongly for the importance of innate qualities, as Lorenz does, are supposed to be right-wing or even fascist ; those who stress the importance of conditioning are more inclined to be left-wing. Left-wing indoctrination tends in fact to minimize absurdly, to an unpolitical biologist, the importance of inherited characters. Lorenz's concern with innate characters has twice drawn him unwillingly into the political arena. When the Nazis were coming to power he published a paper on the degenerative changes in species-specific behaviour brought about by domestication, passages from which could be and were construed as an explicit endorsement of the Nazis' racial theories. Mr Nisbett's scrupulous account of this sad affair makes it clear that the most serious charge that could be upheld was one of political naivety. Lorenz's paper was concerned with an interesting phenomenon, well worth investigation ; its timing, however, could not have been worse.

Lorenz's second involvement in political and sociological controversy was more recent. In his best-selling book *On Aggression*, published in English in 1966, he put forward the view that aggressive behaviour is innate in man, as in other animals (being biologically adaptive), and cannot be prevented from expressing itself in some way, though he stressed that there are many ways in which it may be expressed. He suggested the safest course is to ensure it is redirected into outlets that are comparatively harmless, such as competitive sports. His view has been strongly attacked, especially by sociologists and students of developmental behaviour, who are more impressed than Lorenz is by the degree to which human behaviour is malleable. But one thing that is certain is that the question is worth investigating ; it is of the highest importance to us to find out to what extent, and in what ways, his aggressive behaviour can be controlled. Perhaps Lorenz may be blamed for pouring his views to a wide public with excessive dogmatism ; he can hardly be blamed for making them so readable.

Mr Nisbett is particularly good on Lorenz's methods of work and of thought. He is an admirer, but not an uncritical one. Lorenz stands above all a brilliant field observer and interpreter. He rightly divides naturalists into husbandmen (who keep animals) and hunters (who watch them in the wild), and is preeminently the husbandman.

The hunter, who first made the distinction, is very much in the hunter ; this perhaps helps to explain why together they have been such an effective force. For Lorenz, working largely intuitively, his brain is the only computer that he needs, and in consequence he has never bothered much with numbers. Probably there will never again be a great biologist so little concerned with quantities and so much with qualities. Too great a preoccupation with numbers can, as he sees it, to blind one to the significant qualitative facts. Of course the ideal is a proper balance between the two approaches, but how many people can achieve that balance ? Mr Nisbett decided to tackle Lorenz on this issue, and asked him how many graphs he had drawn in his lifetime.

He eyed me for a moment with the half-pleased, half-shamefaced air of a schoolboy who has decided to shock the world with a statement that defies all conventional belief. "Do you know my story ?" he began slowly, then suddenly roared, "I have never drawn a graph in my lifetime and I'm damned proud of it!"

Tiger 1912, *a woodcut by Franz Marc. One of the many illustrations, over thirty of them colour plates, in Klaus Lankheit's comprehensive study* Franz Marc *(228pp. Koln : DuMont. DM 98).*

Starting from scratch

By J. F. Watkins

MICHAEL L. A. ANDREWS :
The Life that Lives on Man
183pp. Faber and Faber. £4.95.

If any moderately intelligent, middlebrow individual desires to own a compendium of true facts and anecdotes about the dubious things which crawl and pullulate about his person, *The Life that Lives on Man* is the book for him. What use he will make of the information he garners I cannot imagine. He could, I suppose, open a dinner-party conversation with a few eyelash follicles, or exhort his wife to redouble her efforts to rid the mattresses of Dermatophagoides pteronissinus.

The book, based on the research which Michael L. A. Andrews carried out for his television programme with the same title, is written in a flat, factual style, enlivened by occasional facetiousness and quotations from writers from Pliny to Ezra Pound. The illustrations are excellent, and uncompromising. My favourite is a micrograph of the surface of the chin, twenty-four hours after shaving, which resembles a study of Paschendaele by a Vorticist.

On reflection I think that this bestiary should be read by all general practitioners of medicine. It contains important facts about fleas, lice, bugs, ticks, fungi, bacteria and viruses, of which most medical men are totally ignorant, in spite of their expensive training and the selfless dedication of their teachers. Viewed in this way the work is an excellent textbook without the usual cataloguing dullness of that particular literary form, and I shall recommend it to my students. For the general reader, who may take it from his book's library to read in bed, the book will probably have little appeal. Worse, since he lacks the spiritual training in detachment enjoyed by doctors, it will make him itch all over.

In the evolutionary soup

By C. D. Darlington

RICHARD DAWKINS :
The Selfish Gene
224pp. Oxford University Press. £2.95.

This fascinating book, as its title suggests, takes us on a journey of imagination whose purpose is to join together in one vision the older truths of Darwinism and the new truth of another great idea, that of the self-seeking, self-replicating and self-sufficient hereditary particle. In his magic carpet, the author invites us to share his view of a world far below where ordinary animals and plants and people live and move and multiply.

From his privileged elevation Richard Dawkins explains to us how totally and utterly selfish is the gene, and how "totally and utterly wrong" are those other students of animal behaviour (his speciality) who ignore or deny this principle. Apparently there are such who, confined by a narrower view down below, reject the "orthodox" doctrine that is now proclaimed. The heretics claim to find evidence in ordinary life of cooperation between genes and chromosomes, individuals and families, classes and races. There are even people, like Konrad Lorenz, who think that members of a species, in breeding together, come to have a common evolutionary interest.

For Dr Dawkins, more important than such sophistical arguments are models of how animals should behave if their genes were entirely selfish. By deduction from this compelling principle, and unhindered by the mathematics (omitted due to problems of complexity and space), he grapples in succession with the great problems of life. With some, such as the origin of sexual reproduction, he admits to being baffled. Nor is it clear as we thread our way through his many figures of speech how he explains the relations of the sexes in animals and plants where identity is nearly always rejected and one gene is always demanding a different gene for its mate ; where indeed love springs only from differences. In the tenth chapter Dr Dawkins seems to despair of reaching a reasonable passage he exclaims : "My head is now spinning, and it is high time to bring this topic to a close."

Helped by his twenty-one collaborators, perhaps, he recovers his composure and proceeds to indite two inspired conjectures which confirm the guesswork of ordinary working scientists. The first conjecture is that viruses began life as ordinary genes which changed their character by invading a victim's cells. Dr Dawkins modestly suggests that here are "speculations for the future". Too modestly—for this was the idea which led to our understanding the evolution of bacteria thirty years ago.

The second Dawkins conjecture is that human culture is something transmitted organically ; not by genes, however, or with the help of genes, or in any way subject to genes, but by transcendental particles, probably selfish particles, to be known as *memes*. How relieved the late Sir Julian Huxley would have been to receive this posthumous accolade from his own university department. For now evidently his forty-year-long advocacy of "psycho-social selection", which I had been led to condemn in the *TLS* (December 20, 1974), is approved and independently rehabilitated by the new orthodoxy.

Before consigning the bulk of our evolutionary understanding to the rubbish heap, however, we must be allowed to insert a historical footnote. We must record that in the five years following Darwin's death the German zoologist Weismann, in a series of essays, attempted to rescue Darwin's theory of natural selection from the confusion in which he had left it. These culminated in a short article in *Nature* (October 27, 1887) in which Weismann (anticipating Dawkins) proposed a theory of the origin of sexual reproduction. It arose by a genetic step from mere replication, he suggested, through a combination of the halving and doubling of chromosomes. Further, it succeeded in evolution, and dominated all later evolution, because it allowed of *recombination* among the parts of heredity, the parts of chromosomes. So that it continually exposed new combinations to natural selection.

It was owing to this suggestion of the universal importance of recombination that in the following years the actual process of crossing over among chromosomes was discovered, first by looking at chromosomes, then by using Mendel's method of experimental breeding. The whole job, back and forth between chromosomes and breeding, took half a century and it gave rise to the science of genetics, a science so diversified, it seems, that it is now taught to people who have never seen a chromosome except in a book.

What we learn from this history is that the recombination of genes has been indispensable for their success. They depend for their survival on one another. And not because they are the same as one another but because they are different : whether they are in the same row or in alternative rows. One does not need to be very bright to see that this interdependence carries with it cooperation, competition and selection as it stretches through all levels in the organization of life. Nor to see that recombination is always unmistakably a property of a group of organisms, a breeding group, indeed what we call a species. Recombination is what holds the species together, even if the vast human species. And it brings natural selection into operation on units at all levels as and when it can be effective. The idea of recombination led to the discovery of the gene. But it also led to its discovery as part of what old fogies may still call a system, a genetic system characteristic of each species.

Here I must return to Dr Dawkins and his magic carpet. I do so with the recommendation that the reader should first carefully study the dust-cover. It portrays the view from the carpet of his imaginary and beautiful animals swimming in their evolutionary soup. Into this world *The Selfish Gene* promises to transport us. And I assure the reader, the picture is faithful ; the promise is fulfilled.

ARCHIVE http://Archivebeta.Sakhrit.com

Towards a socialist science

By J. W. N. Watkins

HILARY and STEVEN ROSE (Editors) :
The Political Economy of Science
218pp. £10.
The Radicalisation of Science
205pp. £10.
Macmillan.

What areas of social activity should be singled out for infiltration and ideological subversion by a group whose goal is the total refashioning of our society on some Chinese-Vietnamese model ? The editors and most of the contributors to these two volumes, which are dedicated to "the heroic peoples of Indochina", would reject any answer which did not give priority to science. Paraphrasing Hume, we might say that their idea is to march up directly to the capital or centre of human knowledge, to science itself, which being once masters of, they may everywhere also hope for an easy victory.

The two volumes share a common introduction by the editors who also provide, singly or in collaboration, six of the sixteen chapters. I will begin with a general survey, after which I will look into some of the individual contributions. Page references will be of the form "(P,50)" or "(R,100)", meaning respectively "the Political Economy of Science, page 50" and "the Radicalisation of Science, page 100". The volumes are not cheap, but royalties, we are told, will go to the Institute for Science and Technology in Ho Chi Minh City.

As one contributor puts it: "Science for the people means the subversion of science as it is" (P,71). How do they intend to achieve the subversion of science ? One method is to infiltrate supposedly disaffected minorities within the scientific community. Black scientists and women scientists are regarded as particularly promising from this point of view. The former are called upon to turn themselves "into Blacks, conscious and revolutionary beings" and to create a "Union of Black Scientists and Technicians" (R,134-5). As to the latter: "Women scientists possibly represent one of the key elements in the subversion of the system" (R,89). It is also hoped that a process of increasing proletarianization of scientific workers is engendering "seething industrial discontent" which, "if properly handled, can be elevated ... into a political challenge to the system as a whole" (P,73).

But the main method, to judge by those two volumes, is to wage a propaganda war on science, to present science as a particularly nasty component of a monopoly state capitalism. (It seems that the Soviet Union, unlike China or Vietnam, is a kind of capitalist country.) To this end it is necessary to abolish any distinction between pure science and technology and between a technology and the particular uses to which that technology may be put :

> modern science and technology are indivisible. The particular character of modern science ushered in with the thirteen revolutions is precisely that it is directed towards experiment, use, technology itself. (P,19)

With these distinctions obliterated, any product of the "industrial-military-scientific-complex" (R,15)—for instance, napalm (P,15), CS gas, defoliants, or stroboscopic torture devices" (P,13)—is attributable to science itself, and science becomes part of the capitalist system of production.

What is produced is a commodity called information :

> The production of information as a commodity also dominates the direction of the sphere of scientific production ... the production of information has assumed in advanced capitalist society the characteristics of the capitalist production of material goods, i.e. commodities. (P,50)

The "science knowledge industry" (R,27) is like a giant factory and "scientific workers are like factory workers" (P,30) :

> The hierarchy in the production of science is as oppressive as in factory production. (P,68)

Indeed, there is a suggestion that science is like a military ordnance factory :

> Science is not only militarised as regards its uses and orientations; military discipline has invaded the research centres themselves. (P,67)

This quasi-military organization for the production of information has, of course, a sharp class-structure :

> In fact, this "[scientific] community" is divided into, on the one part, the majority of alienated, proletarianised scientific workers, and on the other the tiny minority of the elite carriers of bourgeois ideology, the *scientists*. (R,xvii)

Moreover, "the class structure within science" has a "bitterly hierarchical character" (R,6).

To what end is the "science knowledge industry" geared ? Science is "inherently geared to the domination of nature and thence of humanity" (P,24). The emphasis tends to shift increasingly to the latter kind of domination :

> science has been shaped and developed by the ruling class and for its benefit in such a way as to be compatible with its domination—that is, in a way that permits the reproduction and the strengthening of its domination. (P,60)

A statement quoted approvingly by one contributor reads :

> In imperialist countries, the scientific venture is devoted, for the most part, to the development of military technology, to mass extermination, and to fascistic control of the behaviour of society as well as of the individual. (R, 122)

What then do the contributors to these volumes want to do about this scandalous thing called science ? What remedy do they propose ?

One might suppose that, since they regard science as a huge engine of natural domination and political repression, their remedy would be to abolish it. But to suppose that would be naive : one does not try to abolish something which one hopes to control. So our question becomes: what new sort of science would they promote in place of existing science ?

No very clear or definite answer is provided. The editors mention, as a transitional possibility, the creation of "a counter-science" which would, among other things, develop "insurgency techniques" (R,25). But one would have thought that insurgency techniques no more call for a new kind of science than do bank-robbing techniques.

There is also talk of creating "socialist science" (R, 54). This would include turning laboratories into Chinese-style communes and thereby "transforms the doing of science" (R, 25). Presumably, when science is socialized the top elite will have to go, that is, distinguished professors will be driven out and new men with a progressive political outlook will be installed. (Solzhenitsyn, referring to Moscow and Leningrad in the 1930s and 1940s, wrote: "Science passed out of the hands of the real scientists and engineers into the hands of the callow breed of climbers". *The Gulag Archipelago*, Vol. 2, page 626.)

The editors admit they do not yet have a clear conception of socialist science :

> And it remains necessary to grapple with at least trying to ask (for we cannot answer) the question: What would a socialist science be like ? (R, 24)

Indeed, one wonders how a socialist theory of light, say, or heat, or gases, or magnetism, or electricity, or radiation, or energy, would differ from existing "bourgeois" theories.

After reading the introduction to these two volumes I noted this question: do they ever consider the possibility that a scientist is driven by *curiosity*, that he wants to get hold of the *truth*, that he wants to *explain* things ? I will now quote the only passages I found which bear on this question :

> To claim that the base of pure research remains today ... the innate curiosity of the humanity ... is either trivial or directly misleading. (P,45)

Many research scientists still harbour illusions that they are in practice "independent, dedicated searchers of truth".

The "truth" for them has to coincide with the interests of the monopolies if they are to retain their jobs. (P, 92)

"Theoretical physics can no longer explain anything." (P, 56)

Since science is seen here on the analogy of a factory it is not surprising that the great men of science are hardly mentioned. And if one or other of them makes a flitting appearance it is as a grey ghost in a desolate wasteland. Thus Einstein is said to have become "a symbol of the industrialization, exploitation and oppression which are now closely associated with science" (R, 155). Konrad Lorenz appears as an ex-Nazi who writes on aggression (P,107).

So much for the volumes considered as a collective product. Now let us look into some of the individual chapters.

The summary of their indictment of science given above is by no means complete. There are at least two further charges: science is racist and it is sexist. Let us begin with the latter.

The question of "sexism" and of women's liberation therefrom looms large in these two volumes. It gets three chapters, whereas black liberation, Chinese science, Lysenkoism, and the IQ debate get only one apiece.

Of these three chapters, two are among the dreariest and one is the most hilarious in these volumes. "Women in Physics" makes the point that women have "dishes to wash, children to look after, bread to buy, the beginning of term, the organization of holidays, of clothes, of homes, and so and so forth" (R, 66). It is stated that women, in 1974, formed 17 per cent of the research personnel of the physics section of CNRS, "[h]umanoxy stuff: "Sciences, Women and Ideology" is a long-winded existentialist grumble which sometimes sinks into unintelligibility. Here, the complaint seems to be, not that women are too much excluded from science, but that women are being recruited increasingly into science which is *bad* because they are thereby obliged to assimilate the "fundamentally masculine" code of science (R, 79) and to become, as the editors put it, honorary males (R, xxiii). But is it not rather insulting to women to claim that the code of science, which is a code of rigorous truthfulness and dual task of showing (1) that it is entirely understandable, from a Marxist point of view, that Lysenkoism should have arisen in the Soviet Union and (2) that there is no justification for anything like Lysenkoism under communism. In support of (1) they point out that there is a serious conflict between modern genetic theory and Marxism: "geneticists, invoking principles of quantum mechanics, make the stronger claim that the uncertainty of mutation is an ontological uncertainty as well as an epistemological one[], and here they come into direct conflict with the whole trend of Marxist philosophy" (R,39). In support of (2), in a subsection entitled "Is there to be a Murder Science ?", they tendentiously declare: "For every point of genetics that is supposedly contradicted by dialectical materialism, we can show that, in fact, there is complete support" (R, 60). They cannot have it both ways: if they are right on (2) they were wrong on (1). This inconsistency makes it difficult to fathom their concluding sentence : "We hope that a proper understanding of the history of the Lysenkoist movement will be of some help in bringing the deep insights of Marxism into the practice of science."

That the natural sciences are permeated by bourgeois ideology is a constant theme of these volumes. Lévy-Leblond undertakes, at the outset of "Ideology of/in Contemporary Physics", to identify "the dominant ideology" of/in particle physics. Let us call this *x*. To be told what *x* is would be to learn something. Fifteen pages later I was surprised to read that *x* has been unmasked (R,151). After a rereading of those pages, *x* was still, for me, an unknown quantity. Eighteen pages later we are told something about what *x* is not:

> the theory of relativity does not seem to reflect Einstein's democratic humanism, quantum formalism bears no mark of the aristocratic detachment of Dirac, quantum principles of symmetry are unaffected by the political ideas and reactionary attitudes of Wigner or Gell-Mann, and so on and so forth. (R,169)

The one positive thing we are told about *x* is that it cements together astrology and astrophysics (R, 167-8); which sounds like the remark of a man who feels that it is better for him to say something, no matter how idiotic, than nothing at all.

Finally, a word about the contribution by the one distinguished contributor to these volumes, Joseph Needham. Why he allowed himself to be mixed up in this galère I do not understand. Nor do I understand why the editors did not exclude his piece. No doubt they invited it in the belief that he would affirm the superiority of science in Communist China over Western science. Well, he does say that there is something which it is imperative and urgent that the Western world should learn from the Chinese", namely (radical feminist) "[s]pecial [one], and here they come into direct conflict with the whole trend of Marxist philosophy" (R,39). In support of (2), in a subsection entitled "Is there to be a Murder Science ?", they tendentiously declare: "For every point of genetics that is supposedly contradicted by dialectical materialism, we can show that, in fact, there is complete support" (R, 60). They cannot have it both ways: if they are right on (2) they were wrong on (1). This inconsistency makes it difficult to fathom their concluding sentence : "We hope that a proper understanding of the history of the Lysenkoist movement will be of some help in bringing the deep insights of Marxism into the practice of science."

That the natural sciences are permeated by bourgeois ideology is a constant theme of these volumes. Lévy-Leblond undertakes, at the outset of "Ideology of/in Contemporary Physics", to identify "the dominant ideology" of/in particle physics. Let us call this *x*. To be told what *x* is would be to learn something. Fifteen pages later I was surprised to read that *x* has been unmasked (R,151). After a rereading of those pages, *x* was still, for me, an unknown quantity. Eighteen pages later we are told something about what *x* is not:

ART AND ART HISTORY
18th March
On 18th March The Times Literary Supplement will publish a special number on Art and Art History.
Any publishers or art galleries who are interested in advertising in this issue should contact the TLS Advertisement Manager as soon as possible for further details.
The TLS Advertisement Manager, The Times Literary Supplement, Times Newspapers Ltd.,
P.O. Box No. 7,
New Printing House Square, Grey's Inn Road, London, WC1X 8EZ.
Tel.: 01-837 1234 Extn. 7736/7784
Telex : 264971

Studies in English Literature

General Editor: David Daiches

The object of this series is to provide studies of individual novels, plays and groups of poems and essays which are known to be widely read. The interpretations are offered as suggestive rather than definitive, in the hope of stimulating the reader to developing further his own insights.
David Daiches

66: Chinua Achebe: Things Fall Apart
Kate Turkington
Cloth £3.50 Paper £1.95

67: Charles Dickens: David Copperfield
Philip Collins
Cloth £3 Paper £1.70

68: Tourneur: The Revenger's Tragedy
Philip J. Ayres
Cloth £3.50 Paper £1.90

Regents Renaissance Drama Series

General Editor: Cyrus Hoy

'These are the best texts of their kind that I have seen.'
Use of English

Middleton and Rowley: A Fair Quarrel
G. R. Price
Publication April
Cloth £6 approx
Paper £2.95 approx

Regents Restoration Drama Series

General Editor: John Loftis

'The editions include variant readings and explanatory notes at the foot of the page, a brief critical introduction and an appended chronology linking literary and political events with landmarks in the author's life. The books are spaciously laid out and pleasant to read.'
Times Literary Supplement

Otway: The Orphan
A. MacKenzie Taylor
Publication April
Cloth £6 approx
Paper £2.95 approx

Southerne: Oroonoko
M. E. Novak and D. S. Rodes
Publication April
Cloth £6.50 approx
Paper £3.25 approx

Edward Arnold
25 Hill Street,
London W1X 8LL

TLS Commentary

Ethnographic cuckoos

Weary anthropologists sometimes say there are parts of the world where the domestic unit consists of father, mother, children, and ethnographer. An exaggeration with a grain of truth, as Evon Z. Vogt's *Tortillas for the Gods: A Symbolic Analysis of Zinacanteco Rituals* (234pp. Harvard University Press. £11.25) confirms.

The Harvard Chiapas Project began, on Professor Vogt's initiative, in 1957. He has been actively involved in it ever since, and has visited this south-eastern corner of Mexico every year save one since then. A lot of other people have also been involved. In an earlier monograph, *Zinacantan: A Maya Community in the Highlands of Chiapas*, Professor Vogt listed ninety-three field workers who had taken part in the Harvard Chiapas Project between 1957 and 1968. In his latest work he gives seventy-three names for the period 1969-75, fifty-three of which do not appear on the earlier list. In other words, in the years between 1957 and 1975 the Chiapas Highlands received the attention of 147 different anthropologists (including Professor Vogt); now, in the year of the project's twentieth anniversary, the figure must be well over 150. But this astounding total includes only those ethnographers who have been associated with the Harvard Project: the area has also received the attention of many other anthropologists.

This ethnographic "overkill" becomes even more apparent when one considers the number of the anthropologists' subjects. Most but by no means all of the project's attention has been focused on the community of Zinacantan: in 1960 the population of this community was 7,650; this had increased by 1970 to 11,428. It is difficult to believe that a population of this size (half of whom cannot know what it is like to to live without the scrutiny of an anthropologist) exposed to twenty years of outsiders prying and probing has not been profoundly affected by it. A body of trained and paid informants has grown up, two of whom can "type in both Tzotzil and Spanish, and have learnt to footnote when they come to a difficult passage to translate". On occasion an informant has also been shipped to Cambridge, Massachusetts "to be available for interviews for students". The novice ethnographer's initiation into the mysteries of field work could not be made easier.

It must be said that an enormous amount of material, some of it first rate, has come out of the project. Yet it might be worth asking, and it's possible that those connected with the project will have done so, what effect on the nature of the information this almost professional interaction between anthropologist and informant has had, particularly since in some cases the latter is likely to be much more experienced in what is going on than the former. It is an almost impossible question to answer since there is no base line by which to judge the distorting effect of the demand for new information on one side and the need to supply it on the other. It seems safe to assume, however, that it is in the interest of some Zinacantecos to keep the information flowing and the project rolling.

Those Zinacantecos who have failed to get onto the bandwagon are less keen on it. Informants have been accused of witchcraft, and in December 1969 when sacred objects were stolen from the main church of Zinacantan, the first people to be accused of the theft were the anthropologists: the only purpose of their research, it was said, had been to steal the sacred objects. "Only with the astute work of two of our field workers . . . and the active support of our informants, as well as the assistance of Mexican government authorities and the Catholic Bishop, were we able to ride out the tempest", Professor Vogt records.

The young Daphne du Maurier: a photograph by Claude Harris of the writer as a child (from the National Portrait Gallery's exhibition of recent acquisitions, which runs until March 20).

Hermetically unsealed

Frances Yates gave an intriguing foretaste of yet another book on an unfamiliar aspect of the Renaissance in a lecture entitled "Elisabethan Neo-Platonism reconsidered: Spenser and Francesco Giorgi" given to the Society for Renaissance Studies on January 14. Dr Yates argued that the label "neo-Platonist" was no longer sufficient as a description of Spenser's philosophical beliefs, and set out to prove that the most important influence on his thought was the Venetian philosopher Francesco Giorgi. She showed that Giorgi's *De Harmonia Mundi* was the culmination of a series of attempts by Renaissance neo-Platonists to absorb the Hermetic and Cabbalist traditions into Christian thought. Giorgi's distinctive contributions were his especially deep knowledge of the Hebrew tradition, and the Christian intensity of his work, whose optimism would have appealed to the advocates of religious reform. Giorgi had given advice to Henry VIII at the time of his breach with Rome (to which, after all, Spenser's Gloriana owed her existence), and his work was in the library of Dr John Dee, the teacher of Spenser's friends Sidney and Dyer. Spenser's *Four Hymns*, which seemed to be an explanation of the philosophical basis of *The Faerie Queene*, combined hermetic cosmology with typical Christianity in a manner strongly reminiscent of Giorgi.

The De Harmonia Mundi was the most systematic exposition of the theory of numerological and architectural symbolism, whose extensive presence in *The Faerie Queene* was now generally accepted. Dr Yates endorsed Alastair Fowler's view that the poem has a complex numerological and astrological structure, but she disagreed with the details of his interpretation, and offered an analysis of her own, showing that Spenser made the same kinds of correlation between heavenly bodies and ethical qualities as Giorgi. One difficulty for neo-Platonist readings of Spenser is that in his preface he describes his ethics as Aristotelian, but Dr Yates suggested that here again Giorgi provided the solution: his view of Aristotle was based partly on apocryphal works, and he thought that Aristotle's relatively low and earthly philosophy could nevertheless become the basis of a hermetic ascent. The twelve virtues and twelve books of the completed poem would have corresponded to the signs of the zodiac. Finally, Dr Yates argued that the structure of the poem was fundamentally determined by its political theme: each book celebrated an aspect of the imperial reform initiated by Queen Elizabeth. Giorgi's philosophical ideas were combined with the mystique of Arthurian Britain, and the synthesis could only have been effected in the circle of John Dee, the true philosopher of the Elizabethan Age.

Dr Yates's lecture will be published for members of the Society for Renaissance Studies.

The visionary gleam

In his editorial in the ninth issue of *Aquarius*—now for the first time produced in something like readable shape, thanks to financial assistance from the Greater London Arts Association—Eddie Linden speaks of "the childish puppetings of the monied literary press" and remarks that "it is not even necessary to name names". But no one has yet succeeded in cornering the market in childish puppeting, so great is the competition; and in declining to name names Mr Linden has "as good" as admitted that *Aquarius* is a coterie magazine. This is a pity, for coterie magazines are bought only by coteries; and as Mr Linden makes clear, *Aquarius* needs every private subscription it can get. (The address is Flat 3, Sutherland Avenue, London W9.)

Though a coterie magazine (and by naming some distinguished names one can give an idea of its orientation: contributors include George Barker, John Heath-Stubbs and David Wright), *Aquarius* deserves attention. Partly because it keeps alive a romantic tradition of the poet-as-seer which finds little acceptance in more academic circles; and partly because, despite the childish puppetings which it often result from a too-facile application of that tradition, Mr Linden publishes a large amount of interesting work. In the present issue this includes poems by Seamus Heaney, Sebastian Barker and Lis Lochhead; a short prose work "Scenes from the Childhood of Picasso", by Paul Strathern; and, as always in *Aquarius*, several lively reviews, some truculent, some almost theophanic. George Barker writes of the late Stevie Smith: her poems "are a monument to the immense spiritual dignity of whimsy, just as the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier is a monument to the immense spiritual dignity of futility".

Fifty years on . . .

Logan Pearsall Smith wrote the leading article in the TLS *of February 9, 1922. It was called "On Rereading Pater".*

Anyone who might now for the first time read Pater's sincere and scholarly volumes would find it difficult to understand the indignation they aroused on their first publication; it would seem to him as incomprehensible as the scandal which was caused at about the same time by the exhibition of Whistler's pictures, with their quiet beauty. But if the thrill of outraged moral feeling which is so often awakened in the greater number by any sincere novelty in art is hard to recapture when that novelty has worn away, almost as incapable of revival is the ecstasy with which the chosen few welcome these innovations and new dawns. Even those who were fired in their youth by an ardent admiration for Pater's writings may almost shrink from opening again those comely volumes, in their dark green bindings, which were so precious to them once. Their delight in them had been so excessive that they may think it wiser to preserve unfurnished the bright memory of this infatuation; to keep these illuminated missals closed, for fear of finding that their poetry's religion has vanished with the years. For it was much more than a mere literary pleasure which they had found there; it was above all what the generous youth of every age welcomes, with a grave enthusiasm—the discovery of a gospel, of a new way of living. What Pater had given them was an inner standard of distinction, selection, refusal; he had imposed upon them almost a religious attitude, teaching them to, aft from the crudity of their young experience all that seemed beautiful and significant and strange, and to treasure above all things these savings of fine gold. Through the vision thus presented to them they had seen the familiar world with an unwonted light upon it, a world in which the beautiful had become strange, and there might be beauty in all strangeness. To have their eyes unsealed in this surprising manner had been a kind of revelation, a kind of mystical initiation; it had endowed them with a sense of fastidious aloofness, of being chosen among the elect, of worshipping as in white garments the soul of visible beauty in a hidden sanctuary, inaccessible to the vulgar world.

And if Pater's former disciples have also come to feel in maturer years, like their master, that this cult of exquisite impressions and the maintenance of this ecstasy is inadequate as a definition of success in life, yet they cannot look back upon that shrine of their former worship without a sort of piety, nor reread those sacred books and not be touched by some regret for the beautiful, impracticable religion of their youth. And it may perhaps be said that all of them, however much they may have been battered and beaten upon in their subsequent careers, still retain in spirit some ineffaceable marks of the initiation—some fine glaze of the soul from the contact of that flame, some traces of delicate gilding not quite rubbed away.

The recovery of privacy

By Samuel Hynes

C. DAY LEWIS :
Poems
Chosen and with an introduction by Ian Parsons
345pp. Jonathan Cape and the Hogarth Press. £6.50.

The last notice of C. Day Lewis's verse to appear in these pages was a review of *The Whispering Roots* in 1970. At that time, Day Lewis was Poet Laureate, and *TLS* reviewers were still anonymous. It is one of the few instances I can recall when I regretted the custom of anonymity, for the reviewer had taken the occasion to launch a general assault against his subject, in terms that seemed to me crude and vicious. The poet, he said, was all masks and no reality; his poems were mere acts of the will; they were frigid, wordy, and vulgar, and somehow threatened the good health of literature. These were, apparently, no exceptions, not one good word to be said about even a single poem. It was not so much a review, I thought, as a literary mugging.

Now that Day Lewis is no longer a living laureate, but simply a dead poet, perhaps the time has come to consider his work more temperately, to forgive him the great gifts that he did not have (and never claimed), and to value what he had, and what he achieved. To do that we might best begin at the end, in the Stinsford churchyard where he is buried not far from the grave of Thomas Hardy. His burial there seems to me entirely appropriate, not because he was of the stature of Hardy, who seems more and more clearly to be the greatest of modern English poets, but because he was of Hardy's company, a decent minor poet in the same tradition.

If even Day Lewis's most friendly critics have not always seen him clearly in that tradition, they have had reasons for confusion. For one thing, he found his poetic place relatively late, after much searching and much imitating, and his earlier books are full of echoes of other poets, so much so that they often seem to have no more unity of style than an anthology of modern verse has. From his earliest contributions to *Oxford Poetry* to the last poem in *Whispering Roots*, he found it easier to speak in other voices than in his own: first the early Yeats and then the later, then Auden—all those kestrels and airmen—and after that Edward Thomas, Eliot, de la Mare, Frost, Hardy.

Day Lewis was quite aware that he was an imitative poet, though he sometimes tried to find a less derogative way of putting it. In a preface to the Penguin Poets selection of his verse, he wrote of his kind of poet:

> If, like myself, he is a writer still much open to the influence of other poets, he will often find that he has more or less consciously used some other poet to mediate between his material and his imagination. I myself have been technically influenced, and enabled to clarify my thoughts, by such diverse poets as Yeats, Wordsworth, Robert Frost, Virgil, Valéry, W. H. Auden, and Hardy. They suggested to me ways of saying what I had to say.

Sixteen years later, in another introduction, he offered another list:

> It is easy to see the influences: Yeats, for example, the English Metaphysicals, Hopkins, Auden, Hardy, Meredith, Eliot, Media tors, I would prefer to call them, rather than influences; for they are men whose work helped me to approach and open up new fields for my own verse, made me aware of the potentiality in subjects I had previously ignored, and showed me a way in to them. Such was the benign effect of these poets. If an influence proved bad for me in the longer run, it was through my over-susceptibility to other men's way of using words, so that I found myself imitating instead of deriving.

If these self-explanations seem unconvincing to a modern reader, that may be partly the reader's fault, or modernism's fault. For what Day Lewis was arguing was essentially the classical defence of imitation; and in a time like our own, when influence is regarded as an anxiety rather than as a customary support for the imagination, such a traditional attitude is bound to be puzzling.

The other principal obstacle to a just assessment of his achievement is, of course, his connection with the other principal poets of his generation. The swift emergence of a new generation of poets in the early 1930s blurred the differences among them, and did some damage to the individual reputations of all the poets concerned. "How odd it is", Auden wrote in the 1960s,

> to recall that at one time there stalked through the pages of literary journalism a curious chimera named *Daylewisaudenmacneicespender*. To be sure, four poets of more or less the same age, from more or less the same social background, confronted by the same historical events, will exhibit certain responses in common, but it should have been obvious that what we happened to have in common was the least interesting thing about us, that whatever there may be of value in what we have written is peculiar to each of us.

Perhaps it should have been obvious, but it wasn't. And it was made less obvious by the efforts of all the others, on occasion, to write as though they were Auden. But the four of them were not a school; they were simply four poets, of whom the most gifted and most aggressive dominated the others. All of them (even Auden) cast off the early Auden influence eventually, but Day Lewis, because he had the slightest individual gift, and was the least sure of his own poetic identity, was the most influenced, and the last to break free.

For him, and I think also for most of his generation, the coming of the Second World War was a profoundly liberating experience. The decade of the 1930s had been a time when political action seemed urgent and unavoidable, and every poem was a political act. Day Lewis sensed that political world more completely and more naively than most of his contemporaries, and wrote some very embarrassing verse (the sonnet beginning "Yes, why do we all, seeing a Red, feel small?" must be one of the worst political poems ever written). In later years he was inclined to minimize this part of his early work: "During my so-called political period", he wrote in the 1950s, "most of my poems were in fact about love and death." In a sense this is true, but the point is that in the 1930s all private experience and feelings, even love and death, were touched by public issues. A fair example is Day Lewis's own sequence of poems, *From Feathers to Iron* (1931): "For me", he wrote, the sequence "expressed simply my thoughts and feelings during the nine months before the birth of my first child"; but "the critics, almost to a man, took it for a political allegory." To a degree the critics were right; the sequence does contain politics, because everything did then.

The war changed all that, and made it possible for Day Lewis to be what he had always been at heart—a private, lyric poet. Perhaps the simplest way to describe the nature of that transformation is to say that the coming of war changed the poet's relation to time. To be political is to be concerned with the present and the future, with, one might say, public time. But in a war the present is beyond any man's control, and the future does not exist. And so the poet was freed to turn backward, to the past, the time in which we live our most private lives. "During the last war" he later wrote, "I found myself able to use in verse for the first time images out of my own childhood." He stopped talking about poetry and propaganda and the poet's public role, and began to define poetry in terms of the recovered past: "Every poem is an attempt to compose our memories", he wrote; and "the poet's prime motive is a felt compulsion, a duty to discover himself through his memories." As a source for the materials of poetry, the private past had replaced the public present.

Most of Day Lewis's best poems were written during this period of wartime liberation and just after. This was also the time when the many influences on his poetry became mainly one. Those apparently random lists that he made of poets he had learned from point, that in his imitating he had gradually moved toward certain poets who resemble each other, and who belong to the native English tradition to which his own nature and talents were best suited. We may for convenience's sake call it the Hardy tradition, since Hardy has been its principal transmitter to the twentieth century, but it obviously has a history that is older than Hardy, that includes, for instance, Wordsworth and Clare, and has its roots in medieval lyrics. It is a tradition with many variations, but its constants seem to me to be these: it is English, and is primarily concerned with actual nature in the English countryside, and with man's relation to it; it is physical, not transcendental; it is descriptive, not symbolic; it is rooted in time, not in history; it is retrospective, often regretful and melancholy, but also ironic and stoic. Formally, the tradition is conservative but inventive. Hardy played endless variations on inherited stanza forms, and rarely repeated one, and Day Lewis was the same sort of craftsman: in *Whispering Roots*, for example, there are thirty-seven different stanzas in thirty-four poems, and only one is repeated.

The Hardy tradition has lived quietly on through many changes of literary fashion; it survived the Pound era (without really even noticing it), and it will surely go on surviving as long as English poets find it possible to think of themselves as English. The line after Hardy is clear enough if you stop to think about it: Edward Thomas, the early, rhyming Lawrence, Graves, Blunden, de la Mare, Andrew Young, Grigson, Larkin. Not all of them have attracted the attention of the weighty modernist critics and anthologists (though Larkin's *Oxford Book* gives the tradition generous attention); but they are surely more often read voluntarily, outside classrooms, by people who simply enjoy reading poetry, than most of the major modernists are.

Day Lewis is clearly in this tradition, and it was when he had found his place there in the neighbourhood of Hardy that he could begin to write his best verse. That he had freed himself from other influences only to assume a single and more powerful one is not to his discredit: it is characteristic, and indeed definitive of good minor poets that they depend on major ones. If they are fortunate, they find a stronger voice that is enough like their own to permit them to speak through it in their own accents. When such a poet finds the right tradition, his voice will sound true, not because it is his, but because it is the tradition's; when he chooses unwisely, he will simply sound like a bad imitator. Day Lewis's efforts to write like Auden fall both as imitations and as poems; but his poems in the Hardy tradition succeed, and though they remind us of Hardy, they retain their own individuality, they are not imitations but new poems.

An example of what I mean is "Cornet Solo", one of the first of Day Lewis's Hardyesque poems. It begins:

> Thirty years ago lying awake,
> Lying awake
> In London at night when childhood barred me
> From livelier pastimes, I'd hear a street-band break
> Into old favourites—"The Ash Grove", "Killarney"
> Or "Angels Guard Thee".

That was the music for such an hour—

> A deciduous hour
> Of leaf-wan drizzle, of solitude
> And gaslight bronzing the gloom like an autumn flower—
> The time and music for a boy imbrued

With the pensive mood.

Everything here—the situation itself, the repetitions, the diction, the pensive mood—reminds one of Hardy. Yet the poem is more than imitative: it has Day Lewis's own mark upon it. Its tone is softer, its irony less relentless, its movement less crabbed than a Hardy version would be; it belongs, not to Hardy, but to the tradition.

By the time his next volume, *Poems 1943-1947*, was written, Day Lewis was easy enough with his place in the tradition to celebrate some of its members by name: there are poems addressed to Hardy, to Blunden, and to de la Mare. There are also many fluent poems in the traditional manner, poems that show his confidence in his ability to use it: "A Failure", "The Unwanted", "Statuette", "Late Misgiven". Like *Word Over All*, the book has a unity of tone that none of the earlier collections had.

After the poems of the 1940s the Hardy tradition is less clear in Day Lewis's poems, though it never fades out entirely. In the later poems, irony melts into nostalgia, the past overshadows the natural present, and the tone becomes quietly reflective and meditative. A major poet like Hardy could go on in the manner that suited him, becoming more and more like himself, but in Day Lewis's later work one feels a kind of easing of poetic tension, a relaxation into retrospection. A paradigmatic poem for this mood is one in which the aging poet looks at an old photograph and recalls past emotions. There are several such poems among the later work: "The Album", "Father to Sons", "The House Where I was Born"—all depending on the instant nostalgia that old photographs create (and not, as would be the case with Hardy, on the present intensity of past feelings). Another characteristic occasion (one that Hardy also exploited in poems of his old age) is the return to scenes of childhood; all

THE FIRST RECORDING OF
R. S. Thomas
READING HIS OWN POEMS

Oriel

The Market and the State
Papers in Honour of Adam Smith
Edited by Thomas Wilson and Andrew S. Skinner

What is the relevance for modern economists of the main themes discussed by Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations*? How have our views on them been changed by subsequent experiences and subsequent advances in economic thought? These were the questions discussed by a group of distinguished economists at a conference held at the University of Glasgow in April 1976 to celebrate the bicentenary of Smith's great work: this volume presents a selection of the proceedings. £8

Semitic Writing
From Pictograph to Alphabet
G. R. Driver

This new edition of Professor Driver's famous book takes account of recent research and discoveries. It deals with cuneiform scripts and the origins and development of alphabetic writing and covers most known inscriptions. Using examples of cuneiform script, the theories regarding the development of the alphabet are discussed in relation to forms, names, and the time and place of the invention of the alphabet. The bibliography has been brought up to date. Third edition illustrated £12 *British Academy Schweich Lectures*

Penelope's Web
Some Perceptions of Women in European and Canadian Society
N. E. S. Griffiths

What happened in history to force women into their inferior position today? Naomi Griffiths sets out to show that women have not always held a subordinate position in society, but rather enjoyed an equal partnership in responsibility and status with men throughout history until the seventeenth century. Illustrated paper covers £4

The Price of Gold
Miriam Waddington

Miriam Waddington's new collection of poems has all the qualities that have achieved for her a wide following and a firm place in Canadian letters: technical mastery; visual and aural beauty in imagery and diction; and warmth, earthiness, and humour. Paper covers £3.50

Mr. Prime Minister
Australian Prime Ministers, 1901–1972
Colin A. Hughes

Here are short biographies of the Prime Ministers of Australia from Barton to McMahon. There is a concise summary of the career of each, and the political events of which he was the centre, with emphasis on the relations between Prime Minister and Sovereign, Cabinet, his party, and other individuals and institutions surrounding him. Illustrated paper covers £3.50

Oxford University Press

the poems in the first part of *The Whispering Roots*, his last book, are about Ireland, where he was born. They are not exactly the poems of a revenant: Day Lewis was only two when he left Ireland, and he returned, as he says in a poem, with "*no drowned memories*". They are, rather, the poems of an elderly man in search of a past, one more step in that search for identity that had led him through other men's styles and other men's subjects, and finally back into himself.

Other late poems are records of ordinary occasions—moving house, recovering from an illness, seeing a merry-go-round or a snowfall—each moulded into a single metaphor, of vision or of loss. This kind of poetry, the habitual casting of commonplace things into verse, becomes inevitably a kind of autobiography, told with reticence (that too is in the tradition), and none the less an essentially personal record. Day Lewis's whole life is in his poems: childhood, adolescent love, marriage, the births of children, politics and the end of politics, the break-up of a marriage, later love, his own last illness. In cases like his, the life's work is really a single poem, and individual parts do not stand out from the whole. Perhaps that is why there is still no Day Lewis canon, and no single poem as well known as, say, Spender's "I think continually", or MacNeice's "Sunlight on the Garden". Day Lewis was simply not an anthology poet: but then, neither was Hardy.

Nevertheless, one might propose a list of the poems in which the essential poet could best be discovered. It would be easy, first of all, to decide what to exclude: all the political and public poetry of the 1930s; all the poetic forms that he could not manage well—dialogue (so nothing from *Noah and the Waters*), narrative (neither *A Time to Dance* nor *The Nabara*), dramatic monologue; almost every poem of any considerable length. One would be left, with only one kind of poem, the kind for which his talent was best suited—the personal lyric. Of the early verse, this means only the poems of *From Feathers to Iron*, the only one of his long sequences that is essentially private. From *Overtures to Death* (1938), the volume in which the turn away from political subjects is first apparent, I would select two poems: "Regency Houses" and "A Happy View". In *Word Over All* (1943), his best single volume, the essential poems seem to me to be "The Album", "Departure in the Dark", "Comet Solo", the sonnet sequence "O Dreams, O Destinations", and the two fine poems of countrymen in wartime, "The Stand-to" and "Watching Post".

Poems 1943-1947 contains the tender poems of marriage and the end of marriage—"Marriage of Two", "A Married Dialogue", and "The Woman Alone", as well as a number of very Hardy-like poems: in addition to those I have mentioned above, they are "The Unwanted", "The House-warming", "Is it for to go?", and "Chrysanthemum Show". *Pegasus* (1958) has two of the photograph-poems ("The House Where I was Born" and "Father and Son", "George Meredith, 1861"), and "Lot 96".

The Gate (1962) is the weakest of the later volumes, and one might skip it entirely, or perhaps single out the title poem and "An Upland Field". But the volume *that followed it only three years later, The Room*, is one of the best, with "On Not Saying Everything", "Seven Steps to Love", "Dare-like", "The Fox", and "Stephanotis". *Whispering Roots* contains the series of Irish poems, most of which are sensitive and touching though not particularly the only poem that attempts a public theme, "Kilmainham Jail", fails), and so are the little poems of *ordinariness*: "A Skull Picked Clean", "A Privileged Moment", and "Merry-go-round". And finally, of the latest, previously uncollected poems, there is the deathbed poem, "At Lemmons", a small *masterpiece*—reticent and calm, and very moving.

This hair-making may seem a tedious kind of sub-criticism, but in the case of Day Lewis it is necessary. Just how necessary one can see by looking into the substantial selection of the poems that Ian Parsons has made. The book contains roughly half of Day Lewis's poems—over 200 of them; a selection that the editor offers as "the most typical, the most original, and the most successful in their particular genre" (it is not clear whether these constitute one category or three). Yet the book seems to me unsatisfactory, and curiously undefining of its subject. Parsons has chosen to include something from every one of Day Lewis's fifteen books of poems, which necessarily means that the collection as a whole has that anthology quality that I noted in the earlier volumes. Reading straight through it, one would emerge with no sense of the distinct poetic character that Day Lewis in fact came to have.

While Parsons has been eager to provide variety, he has not apparently felt that it was necessary to respect the wholeness of his examples, and he has abridged very freely. Not only are the longer sequences reduced to selections, but many of the shorter poems also are present only in part: three of the nine sonnets of "Moods of Love", three of the "Seven Steps in Love", five of the seven "Overtures to Death", two verses of the "Battle of Britain", one of the two stanzas of "Regency Houses". His *justification of this kind of editing* is a passage from Day Lewis's preface to *Collected Poems 1954*, in which the poet remarked that he had cut *A Time to Dance* and *Noah and the Waters*, and that "cuts might well have been made, too, in the first three books, particularly *The Magnetic Mountain*". But Parsons does not quote the rest of that last sentence: "but, since they were written as sequences, decided to let them stand." So, I think, should the present editor.

It may be that the editorial liberties that Parsons takes, and then asks forgiveness for, are a consequence of the fact that he was a friend of the poet. There is a certain familiarity involved in chopping up a poet's verses, a certain intimate irreverence, that perhaps comes with long association. A similar familiarity pervades the editor's introduction, where it breeds, if not exactly contempt, at least an attitude well short of admiration. I have never read an introduction that contained so many denials and qualifications, and that offered so few reasons for reading the poems. Parsons begins with some remarks on the unfortunate proliferation of the unevenness of his friend's work, and goes on to observe that because the poet was busy with other things, detective novels and such, he had to seize every opportunity to write a poem, "regardless of whether the pressure of feeling behind the impulse was sufficient to ensure success". He expresses surprise at the number of only partially successful poems that Day Lewis published, takes note of the immaturity of the three long sequences, and the longueurs of "Overtures to Death", and finds the dramatic monologues "a little forced", he ends his piece, after quoting from two poems that he does admire, with the observation that "Day Lewis wrote a number of poems of this calibre, as I hope this book will show. They may not be in that numerous, but how many poets have produced more than a handful of enduring poems?" But if that is the case, why are there more than 200 poems in his book? Parsons has found good reasons for excluding most of the poems that he has in fact included.

Many of these strictures I agree with: but I would not offer to introduce a poet to a largely indifferent public on this scale, if I could not also guide him with more enthusiasm than Parsons seems able to muster. The problem is partly one of the right size for a book of Day Lewis's poems: *The Best of Day Lewis* would be much smaller and, would have, I have suggested, a far narrower range; the only other reasonable alternative seems to me a *Collected Poems*, which would preserve sequences intact, and would give the entire career, successes and failures alike. But in either case, the poet deserves a more sympathetic introduction than Parsons's wan apology.

For after all, Day Lewis needs no apology at all. He worked steadily and honestly at his craft, and he wrote poems—a good number of them—that will give pleasure and the sense of a shared emotion to sympathetic readers, and that deserve to survive. "The writing of poetry", he once wrote, "is a vocation, a game, a habit, and a search for truth." His life's work was all of these, and something more, for by finding and writing in the English lyric tradition, he helped to keep that tradition alive, and earned his place with Hardy in Stinsford Churchyard.

To the Editor

Reputations Revisited

Sir,—In rightly extolling the letters of John Butler Yeats, 1830-1922 (January 21), Professor Trevor-Roper confuses him with his son Jack, 1871-1957.

This section was most interesting. It was an amusing idea to request comments from several writers with reputations long overdue for *downward revision*.

FRANK TUOHY.

41 Ellington Street, London N7 8PN.

'Parade's End'

Sir,—Anthony Burgess should be more careful in his use of words ("Reputations Revisited", January 21). He writes that "Graham Greene's truncation of *Parade's End* is indefensible". As it was defended by Ford himself it can hardly be indefensible. I happen to prefer *Ford's opinion to Mr Burgess's*, but I certainly would never write that Mr Burgess's view was indefensible.

GRAHAM GREENE.

Antibes.

R. H. Tawney

Sir,—May I add a postscript to *Storm Jameson's letter of protest* (January 28), against the denigration of R. H. Tawney in a contribution to your "Reputations Revisited" (January 21)? I am not qualified to speak of the current standing of Tawney's books with professional historians, but I remember the inspiriting effect on students of my generation of *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism, The Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth Century* and the introduction to Wilson on Usury; I think that his pamphlet, *Social History and Literature*, still has much to offer to those working on the frontiers of two disciplines; and I wish the spirit of *The Acquisitive Society* were alive today in the Labour movement in which he took an important part, not least in his work for adult education. I can also speak from personal knowledge of his generosity. As a young man I was lucky enough to get a note of introduction from Samuel Alexander, who had taught him) which I sent to him. The reply was prompt, inviting me to meet him at the British Museum for a lunch at a nearby Lyons. He was immensely helpful, even to the extent of telling me to read some little-known source material that he was then quarrying for work of his own. I cannot believe that this was an isolated instance of his kindness to the young and the unknown. Further acquaintance confirmed my first impressions, and I still think of him gratefully as a man of intellectual-moral stature whom we cannot afford to forget, much less to belittle.

L. C. KNIGHTS.

University of Cambridge.

Rabies and the Novelist

Sir,—Your reviewer Eric Korn is mistaken in his guess that David Anna's novel *Rabid* might be the first with rabies as its theme (January 21). Another one, *Little Hand and Muckle Gold* by the Anglo-American confidence man and memoirist Julian Field was published by William Blackwood in 1889, the year after the founding of the Pasteur Institute, from which Field expected much free publicity for his book. In this *roman à clef* about high life in Paris and London during and after the Second Empire the Prince of Wales at a garden party quickly spots a vicious predisposition in the lap dog of the Duchess of Tintagil's housekeeper, the unwholesome Mrs. Milwood, who is herself badly infected with the virus of *ressentiment*. Nor are the dramatic possibilities of hydrophobia, in which Field assured his publisher he could count on the collaboration of Sarah Bernhardt, unplumbed in the novel. Horrors are compounded by having Muriel Tintagil read up on the various stages of the disease before going to her villa in Trouville to await the end.

In her efforts to breathe she uttered that terribly significant sound which is peculiar to hydrophobia, and which the ignorant take to be the imitation of the barking of a dog. The nurse raised her in her arms, weeping and sobbing as she did so. But this seemed to agitate the sufferer still more. . . .

"*I cannot look at your tears*", she gasped. Convulsions shook her frame. "They—drive—me mad!"

Oddly enough, in both these novels the rabid curs responsible get transported across the Channel.

EDWARD D. MCDOUGAL.

Sag Harbor, New York, New York 11963.

Industrial Archaeology

Sir,—May I reply to the letters from R. A. Buchanan and John Butt (January 28)? My remarks about the view in which industrial archaeology is held by many detached observers did not stem from a lack of sympathy on my part but referred to unfavourable comments by others, including most recently N. B. Harte (*Economic History Review*, November 1975) and W. B. Stephens (*Sources for English Local History* 87, 1975), while a good deal of earlier work was summarized in *Antiquity*, September 1973. The phrase "new antiquarianism" is from Stephens: "It is possible that for certain industries the study of physical remains may be significant. . . . Industrial archaeology, however, if it does not evolve a disciplined approach, threatens to become the new antiquarianism." Dr Buchanan and others have defended industrial archaeology for some years on the ground that it is still growing up and *therefore the obsession with* trivia and the indifferent quality of research are permissible. What depresses me is that this defence is still necessary after twenty years; the subject cannot go on like this indefinitely.

My own feeling is that industrial archaeology can never become a separate field of study. As Dr Buchanan says, students of *economic and technological history*, vernacular architecture and post-medieval archaeology have interested themselves in the physical remains of the Industrial Revolution, applying established methods of research to new material. I would find it difficult to instance examples of "industrial archaeology" which are not, on closer examination, purely good work in one of these fields. I do not seek to divide research into neat but unhelpful boxes; my point is that there is no such thing as industrial archaeology, even as a synthesis of related fields, because it has no independent technique of inquiry. I accept that valuable work has been done on early industrial buildings and plant but I fail to see that anything will be gained by erecting this activity into a pseudo-science of its own.

I also feel that the first issue of the *Industrial Archaeology Review* supports this argument. I expressed sadness, not surprise, that its contents remained as weak as before, since I had hoped that after three years there would be some progress towards a higher standard of scholarship. I agree with Professor Butt that local material can provide the basis of important general conclusions but few of the articles in the *IAR* are of general interest and none could be called substantial or authoritative. Most are concerned solely with particular buildings or sites. I am not suggesting that this work should not be undertaken but such small-scale articles are normally published in local rather than national outlets, although several fall below the standard of the better county journals. Some of the maps and diagrams should have been redrawn and much of the text would have benefited from more rigorous editing. If the *IAR* is to justify the hopes of its promoters it should act as a vehicle not for lightweight local material but for more wide-ranging *surveys, or is it impossible* to produce such work in this nebulous field?

PHILIP RIDEN.

Department of Economic History, University of Exeter.

Sir,—In his notice of *Industrial Archaeology Review* (January 7), Philip Riden condemns the low quality of much work published in *this field*. I do not disagree with his comments, but feel that they might have been expanded to speculate on the reasons for this situation having arisen.

From my experiences in industrial archaeological circles, I feel that the problem was caused because the movement attracted large numbers of people who had no previous interest or experience in historical or archaeological matters. This was coupled with an attitude on the part of some, at least, of the pioneers who were active in setting up circuits of evening classes and conferences, that scholarly approach was *not necessary. In addition, very few* keen industrial archaeologists were willing to join organizations concerned with other facets of historical work, such as the county archaeological societies. It was as if *there was a spirit of inverted* snobbery abroad which led many industrial archaeologists to feel there was nothing to be learnt from people working in allied fields.

The combination of these factors has resulted in the research results, if they ever were written up, being often composed in a journalistic, rather than a scholarly, style. In consequence they often lack precision and frequently the references to sources are too defective to be of much use to succeeding generations of scholars.

It can be argued that this situation is only to be expected since so many of the practitioners are amateurs, but since amateurs have proved to be capable of publishing results indistinguishable from those of professional scholars in allied fields of local history and archaeology, this view must be a fallacy.

It has to be accepted that there is an urgent need to record and preserve significant industrial monuments, but it should not be overlooked that this is really a form of architectural history, which in turn is only a small part of a much broader field of study, that of technical history. The way that industrial archaeology has been packaged and presented since its inception has resulted in a belief among many of its practitioners that no other kind of work on technical history is of much significance yet individuals and societies active in this field of scholars interested in their history. If Mr Riden examines copies of, for instance, *Historical Metallurgy, The Glass Circle, The Journal of the Printing Historical Society*, as well as the *Transactions of the Newcomen Society* and *Post-Medieval Archaeology* he will discover work as good as anything being produced by scholars concerned with more orthodox fields of archaeological or historical research.

As a stone cast into a pond makes ripples, so the standards of scholarship of the early days have become diffused throughout the movement. It is probably too late to hope for any change for the better from within the movement so long as the present organizational structures exist, so perhaps the only hope for improvement lies in the expansion of the study of technical history within universities and colleges. The application of proper standards of research and writing at this level, on a wider scale, will result in a diffusion of the habits of observation and regard for detail which in turn will generate an awareness of the need for high standards, among the present generation of industrial archaeologists.

On a point of detail, while Mr Riden is correct in saying that the term "industrial archaeology" was coined in the mid-1950s, the movement itself did not really get under way until about 1964.

A. P. WOOLRICH.

Canal Side, Huntworth, Bridgwater, Somerset.

'Psychology and the Image of Man'

Sir,—In his reply to my comments on his Herbert Spencer Lecture, Jerome Bruner (Letters, January 21) nicely illustrates the point I made. No one who understands reinforcement will equate it with feedback or say that programmed instruction means getting people to learn by "simply being there with a quick and well-managed reinforcement". (The whole point of programming is to maximize the intrinsic reinforcers of success and progress.) If the teaching-machine bubble has burst, the news has not yet reached Professor Jerold Zacharias, with whom Professor Bruner has been closely associated in the process of education, for he and his Project Torque have just announced (*New York Times*, January 18) the development of a machine to teach arithmetic. True, it *does* little more than the machine I demonstrated at the University of Pittsburgh in 1954, but more rapid advances are being made elsewhere.

The only charitable view of Professor Bruner's statement that the evidence on remedial work with institutionalized psychotics is "anything but clear" is that he is simply not familiar with what is being done, and it is a little late to be arguing that laboratory control of an organism ("incarceration") is essential to the application of behavioural principles when those principles are being moved with such surprising speed from rat or pigeon box to *box populi*, if not *box dei*.

B. F. SKINNER.

Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Rosina Lhevinne

Sir,—The portrait your reviewer draws of Rosina Lhevinne (January 7) is a caricature of the teacher I remember at master classes in piano at the University of California at Berkeley in the early 1960s. Then in her eighties, in print dress and high heels, she bustled about the stage, brooding over prodigiously talented young students, humming and conducting over their shoulders, descending suddenly on a grand piano next to her students to accompany them in the most demanding passages of Bach, Brahms, Prokofiev, or Shostakovitch with tremendous élan. This dynamic, immensely vital teacher inspired even the most advanced students in those classes to excel themselves, and bears no resemblance whatever to the cautious, distrustful, reactionary person your reviewer describes. Far from subordinating artistic expression to technique, she taught her students how to understand the composer's intentions, and to communicate them to an audience through superb control of tone production. Your reviewer appears to be pleading for the revival of the cult of personality in performers. Madame Lhevinne, bless her for it, helped to spare us from that.

MORRIS R. BROWNELL.

Department of English, University of Nevada/Reno, Reno, Nevada 89557.

Jean Monnet

Sir,—I was most interested to read Douglas Johnson's review of Jean Monnet's *Mémoires* (December 10, 1976).

From September 1939 until July 1940, I was a member of the Comité de Coordination and the Mission du Ministère de l'Armement (French Armaments Purchasing Commission) and worked very closely with Jean Monnet and René Mayer in our offices at Dean Stanley Street overlooking Smith Square. As chief archivist I was indeed the only British member of an otherwise wholly French military committee.

I can remember that period as clearly as if it had all happened a month or so ago. It was a period of tragedy and near despair and I think Douglas Johnson is just a little ungracious at times when he appears to throw doubt on some of *Jean Monnet's statements*.

Jean Monnet was most certainly convinced that the main German attack if and when it came would be at the point where the Maginot line ended—namely, at Sedan. But he was not the only one with similar convictions. I remember clearly Easter Sunday morning, 1940, only a few weeks, indeed days, before the German attack. We were standing in front of a large map of the front in our main office at Dean Stanley Street, Jean Monnet, Le-Cat, René Mayer, head of the Mission du Ministère de l'Armement (a future Prime Minister of France), Raoul Dautry, French Minister of Armaments, Henri Taine, Lt-Col Gilbert Borthiez, Colonel Mewes and a French general (he was also present on a short visit, but whose name I cannot now remember.

This *general pointed with a short* swagger stick on the map exactly at Sedan, saying that this was the weakest spot of the whole front, that it should be watched very closely and carefully and all precautions taken as that *was in* his opinion undoubtedly the spot where the main German attack would take place. Raoul Dautry, René Mayer, Mewes and Jean Monnet were all in full agreement and yet when the attack came only days later General Corap's army soon collapsed and the battle was lost. Let me not be said that the attack at Sedan was unexpected.

I also remember vividly our last telephone conversation with Paris on our private direct line with the Ministry of Armaments. When we were told that they were leaving Paris within two hours and were actually burning all the dossiers, we knew that all was indeed lost; and as we rang off we looked at each other, Jean Monnet, René *Mayer and a few others* including myself, for we were overcome and had tears in our eyes. It was a most emotional moment and after a minute or so of silence Jean Monnet said that when the war *was ended we must never allow* such a situation to arise again, we must stop these European wars for the sake of humanity, we must strive for the United States of Europe — "Il le faut à tout prix" —and we all agreed and felt the same way.

All this happened a long time ago — thirty-six years. Jean Monnet believed in this great ideal and has never changed, an ideal born at a time of tragedy, sorrow and suffering. This should not be forgotten. When one has lived through such moments, as I have, on reading Jean Monnet's *Mémoires* one knows that nothing has changed and he is telling us exactly what happened.

It was also Jean Monnet who drew up the first project of an Anglo-French union. He refused to stay with de Gaulle in London, not only because he feared that de Gaulle would appear to be a creature of the British Government—however extraordinary this appears in retrospect today, it was certainly the feeling at that time—but probably also because the Committee and the Mission du Ministère de l'Armement being military missions, all members were French military personnel and by joining de Gaulle before being duly demobilized would be considered insurgents. It was a "cas de conscience" not only for Jean Monnet, but for all other members including René Mayer and André Maurois, who were also in London at the time. Eventually they all went to America.

I could write much more. I shall not do so. I feel it only right to try to correct a somewhat at times unkind review of Jean Monnet's *Mémoires*, unkind and ungenerous to a man's great, sincere and genuine ideals. Personally I feel that Jean Monnet's *Mémoires* are not only warm and realistic and the best work on French contemporary history, but they also include sound and constructive ideas for our future welfare, which we should not reject.

E. T. PICON-PRYOR.

The Firs, Gorstage Lane, Weaverham, Northwich, Cheshire.

Among this week's contributors

JANET ADAM SMITH's books include *John Buchan: a Biography*, 1965.

MICHAEL BAXENDALL's books include *Painting and Experience in Fifteenth Century Italy*, 1972.

S. G. CHECKLAND's *Scottish Banking, a History 1695-1973* was published in 1975.

C. B. COX's books include *Poems of this Century*, 1968, and *The Twentieth Century Mind*, 1972-1973.

C. D. DARLINGTON is Emeritus Professor of Botany at the University of Oxford.

V. B. D'A. DESBOROUGH's books include *The Last Mycenaeans and their Successors*, 1964, and *The Greek Dark Ages*, 1972.

N. J. GIBSON is Professor of Economics at the New University of Ulster.

SIR HUGH GREENE's books include *The Rivals of Sherlock Holmes*, 1970, and *The Crooked Counties*, 1973.

P. M. S. HACKER is the author of *Insight and Illusion: Wittgenstein on Philosophy and the Metaphysics of Experience*, 1972.

NORMAN HAMMOND is the editor of the journal *Afghan Studies*.

OLWEN HUFTON is the author of *The Poor of Eighteenth-Century France 1750-1789*, 1975.

SIR DAVID HUNT's autobiography *On the Spot* was published in 1975.

SAMUEL HYNES's *The Auden Generation* was published last year.

HENRY KAMEN's books include *The War of Succession in Spain 1700-1715*, 1969, and *The Iron Century: Social Change in Europe 1550-1660*, 1971.

BARRY J. KEMP is a Lecturer in Egyptology at the University of Cambridge.

HUGH LLOYD-JONES is Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Oxford.

OLIVER LOGAN is the author of *Culture and Society in Venice 1470-1790*, 1972.

F. S. L. LYONS's *Charles Stewart Parnell* will be published by Collins in April.

PATRICK MCCARTHY is the author of *Céline*, 1975.

JAMES MACFARLANE's books include *Discussions of Ibsen*, 1962, and *Henrik Ibsen*, 1970.

WILLIAM MCFEELY is the author of *Yankee Stepfather: General O. O. Howard and the Freedmen*.

PETER MARSHALL is Professor of American History and Institutions at the University of Manchester.

AILEEN RIBBIRO is a Lecturer at the Courtauld Institute, London.

DAVID SNOW's *The Web of Adaptation* was published last year.

GEORGE STEINER's *After Babel* was published in 1975.

ALFRED STEPHENSON is Secretary of the Antarctic Club.

ANTHONY STORR's books include *Human Destructiveness*, 1972, and *Jung*, 1975.

STUART SUTHERLAND's *Breakdown: A Personal Crisis and a Medical Dilemma* was published last year.

C. VITA-FINZI is a Lecturer in Geography at University College, London.

J. F. WATKINS is Professor of Medical Microbiology at the Welsh National School of Medicine, Cardiff.

J. W. M. WATKINS is the author of *Hobbes's System of Ideas*, 1965.

Ethiopian Independence

Sir,—I commenced reading Edward Ullendorff's review of Sven Rubenson's *The Survival of Ethiopian Independence* (December 31, 1976) with great anticipation, hoping to find a reasoned and judicious appraisal of *this important* book. Instead I found that Ullendorff has devalued the volume by obtruding his own sentiments about a changing political and scholarly world; by formulating *obiter dicta* about relatively unimportant documents; by eschewing the hard analysis and criticism demanded by the work of a good historian; and by again demonstrating an amazing predilection for the work of his favourites, both Ethiopian and otherwise. Poor Abraham Damoz, he can only be embarrassed by Ullendorff's repeated insistence at designating his little article about Menilek II's (r 1889-1913) phonographic message to Queen Victoria as a "splendid work". Such prejudice may derive from Ullendorff's philological profession, but should not, along with romanticism and nostalgia about the recent past, impinge upon the review of a book set squarely in the nineteenth century.

Professor Ullendorff clearly uses the columns of the *TLS* as a forum to vent his own—and some might say obscurantist—views about the state of contemporary Ethiopia and the new, largely social scientific, scholarship which has come to predominate in the past twenty years. A close reading of Ullendorff's rather glossy emendations in these pages over the past several years reveals a consistent bias in favour of the Ethiopian royal family, particularly Haile Selassie, and an equally consistent denigration of those who dared to criticize the Solomonic monarchy and its deeds. That throne has now been toppled, and Ethiopia has entered a new and obviously difficult phase of history. If Edward Ullendorff is unwilling or unable to provide more objective and more trenchant reviews, the better to inform the reading public, then perhaps it is time for the *TLS* to call upon the new generation of British Ethiopianists for relevant and realistic criticism.

HAROLD G. MARCUS.

(Chairman, Committee on Ethiopian Studies and Professor of History and African Studies, Michigan State University.) Instituto Italo-Africano, Via Ulisse Aldrovandi 16, 00197 Rome.

'A Sentimental Journey'

Sir,—No novel opens more brilliantly than *Tristram Shandy*, and none *ends more brilliantly than A Sentimental Journey*, where even the humdrum "END OF VOL. II" yields its share of erotic mischief. But what about the opening of that book: "THEY order, said I, this *matter better in France*". *I have no* note on the matter in my Oxford English Novels edition, because I was unable to offer an explanation; while Gardner D. Stout is similarly silent in his more elaborate edition, perhaps for the same reason. Yet the solution to the problem is not far to seek, and as I do not know that it has been pointed out elsewhere, here it is.

It is to be found in that poor thing, *Yorick's Sentimental Journey Continued . . . By Eugenius* (1769; reprinted *for the* Georgian Society, 1926). In the section entitled "The Post-Chaise" the author writes as follows:

> I had no sooner got into my Post-Chaise, than I began to consider the advantages of my present journey, the plan I had proposed, and how far I had compassed it.
>
> "*They order this matter better in France.*"
>
> This assertion produced my voyage.—I was piqued to have it doubted, whether I was authorised to make it, and was resolved to *be convinced by ocular demonstration.*

The reader's curiosity hath, I dare say, though an Englishman, been upon the tenterhooks of impatience all this while, to know what this matter was, and whether it really was ordered better in France.

It is time he should be satisfied.

The subject in debate was the inconvenience of drinking healths whilst at meal, and toasts afterwards: and I carelessly said, upon what I thought good information, "They order this matter better in France."

"HEALTHS ARE ABOLISHED AND TOASTS NEVER WERE ADOPTED."

So far I was right: so far I have compassed the design of my voyage.

The "matter" turns out to be neither sex nor food, but the civilized use of wine.

That this was a matter not well understood in England at the time hardly requires illustration. It was commented on by Morits, and by almost every foreign visitor; while in the diary of a shopkeeper called Thomas Turner for the year 1754 we *find the following* resolution: "If I am at home, or in company abroad, I will never drink more than four glasses of strong beer: one to toast the King's Health, the second to the Royal Family, the third to all friends, and the fourth to the pleasure of the company. If there is either wine or punch, never upon any terms of persuasion to drink more than eight glasses, each glass to hold no more than *half a quarter of a pint*." Such were the habits of the age that Turner found it impossible to keep within even these distinctly liberal limits.

Prompted by the Continuation, we see more clearly how Sterne uses the theme of wine to launch the first two sections of *A Sentimental Journey*. It will be remembered that he sets out for France immediately, and within a few hours is congratulating himself, as he sits at table and his served with "a fricasseed chicken", on being "so incontestably in France, that had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *Droits d'Aubaine*—my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches—portmanteau and all must have gone to the King of France . . .". A note explains the regulations in question, which the author stigmatizes in the text as "Ungenerous!—*to seize upon* the wreck of an unwary passenger . . .—by heaven I SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renown'd for *sentiment and fine feelings, that* I have to reason with—". In the second section we hear how the narrator drank the King of France's health, "to satisfy my mind that I bore him no ill-will, but, on the *contrary, high honour for the* humanity of his temper", with the result that he "rose up an inch taller for the accomodation", and in spite of his protestation that the "suffusion" which he felt on his cheeks came "of a finer kind", —more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle . . .) could have produced" we readers draw our own conclusions as we read how "every vessel of his frame dilated, "the arteries bent all cheerily together, and every power which sustained life, perform'd it with so little friction" that "nature" was carried "as high as she could go".

The continuation purports to be by "Eugenius", the name by which Sterne commonly referred to his old friend John Hall-Stevenson, and in the preface the author claims that "the intimacy which subsisted between Mr Sterne and the Editor, gave the latter frequent occasion of hearing him relate the most remarkable incidents of the latter part of his last journey". It would be surprising if Hall-Stevenson had never asked Sterne for an explanation of the opening of the book.

As Mr John Oates has pointed out to me, however, it has been seriously questioned whether the "Eugenius" who wrote the Continuation was in fact Hall-Stevenson. In *South Atlantic Quarterly* (1976) Sandra Sondley Hartley (following the lead of Karl F. Thompson) pointed out that the Continuation first appeared with the unauthorized text of *A Sentimental Journey* and that the accompanying biographical sketch is grossly inaccurate. Further, the *Continuation is neither reprinted in The Works of John Hall-Stevenson* (1795) nor mentioned in the brief preface.

While it is to be hoped that the authenticity of the Continuation may one day be determined, it seems certain (in any event) that the writer was someone who had heard the meaning of the opening from Sterne himself or from someone who had. Whoever he was, he was in possession of the key which unlocks the first sentences of an unusually sophisticated book.

Whether or not Hall-Stevenson wrote the Continuation, he is presumably the "gentleman" in the second sentence of *A Sentimental Journey*—the companion who turned "quick" upon the author "with the most civil triumph in the world" no doubt because he knew very well that Yorick had never been in France; since "gentleman" is a perfectly acceptable anglicisation of the word "Eugenius".

IAN JACK.

Pembroke College, Cambridge.

"Information please" appears on page 138.

ELIZABETHAN POETRY

Just published

Elizabethan Erotic
Narratives in Ovidian
Poetry of Shakespeare &c.
William Keach,
£10.50

HARVESTER PRESS